THE NATION

January 31, 1966 . . 35c

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Murder in Tuskegee

DAY OF WRATH in the MODEL TOWN

ARNOLD S. KAUFMAN

DRUGS ON CAMPUS

Turned On and Tuned Out

Mervin B. Freedman & Harvey Powelson

Slaughter in the Congo

Missionaries, Mercenaries and Rebels

A Review by Paul F. Semonin

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LETTERS

Outposts of empire

Parsons, Kan.

Dear Sirs: The following, with my emphasis added, is from *Time*, issue of Jan. 7:

> Whatever the outcome *of the war, the most significant* consequence *of the U.S. buildup is that, for the first time in history, the U.S. in 1965 established bastions across the nerve centers of Southeast Asia. From formidable new enclaves in South Viet Nam to a farflung network of airfields, supply depots and naval facilities abuilding in Thailand, the U.S.* will soon be able *to rush aid to any threatened ally in Asia. Should the British leave Singapore, as they may do by the* 1970s, *the new U.S. military complex would constitute the* only Western outpost *of any consequence from the Sea of Japan to the Indian Ocean.*

I am aware of the fact that it is not nice and sometimes just not right to quote out of context. However, the above quotations represent a solid paragraph of the *Time* cover story. . . . Considering that the time of publication is that of the President's worldwide "peace search" (about which I have my own opinion), I would have to interpret the above quotation as meaning one of two things: either a quite blunt revelation of what a few decades ago would have been labeled rather imperialistic war aims, or an attempt at counteracting an allegedly true effort on the President's part to promote peace. Beyond that, I get the impression that *Time* — in talking about the "only Western outpost of any consequence from the Sea of Japan to the Indian Ocean"—is very close to confirming what we are denying and the North Vietnamese as well as the Chinese are maintaining: that this is not a political but a racial war, a war of Western men against Asian men. If that is the case, where do the South Vietnamese come in? And do they have some ideas about this? . . .

Gerhard E. Martin, M.D.

Labor critic of Vietnam

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: B. J. Widick's article ["AFL-CIO Convention: Strong Arm of the Status Quo," *The Nation*, Dec. 27] is very good. However, Mr. Widick made an incorrect statement concerning the undersigned as follows: "Pat Gorman of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America was until recently considered a dissenter but he has now rejected any association with critics of foreign policy."

This statement has no semblance of truthful substance in it. I am still a dissenter from the foreign policy of the U.S., with emphasis on the Vietnam situation. . . . My only dissent with respect to SANE was that I was listed as being in favor of a march on Washington which would include picketing the Presidential White House. I made no such commitment. . . . I have never been too sold on these marches though we have cooperated in most of them, and our organization had approximately 2,000 in the civil rights march on our nation's capital this past summer.

The January issue of *The Butcher Workman*, which goes into the 350,000 homes of our members, will contain two very strong editorials on the matter of our nation's foreign policy.

Patrick E. Gorman, Sec'y-Treas.
Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen

Dear Sirs: I am most happy to accept Pat Gorman's correction. My basis for judgment was, of course, the action of the convention. *B. J. Widick*

Voice of Biermann

New York City

Dear Sirs: I have had several letters [in response to my editorial of Jan. 10] asking if the voice of Wolf Biermann is to be heard on any records that one might get hold of. I know of only one, brought out by Philips in West Germany, under the title *Wolf Biermann (Ost) zu Gast bei Wolfgang Neuss (West)* (twen-serie 42). I myself own some tape recordings of Biermann, which I hope to broadcast on Pacifica Radio. A book of Biermann's poems has been published by Wagenbach in West Berlin under the title *Die Drahtharfe* (*The Wire Harp*).

Eric Bentley

P.S. Late intelligence indicates that Peter Weiss has aligned himself with Biermann.

Modest proposal

Denville, N.J.

Dear Sirs: Please reconsider your harsh words about General Hershey's decision to use the draft to punish young men who protest Vietnam ["Punishment by Conscription: General Hershey's Big Stick" by Carl Cohen, *The Nation*, Dec. 27]. It is admittedly a short step—but, nonetheless, a step in the right direction.

The process must be accelerated, and these young recalcitrants shipped to Vietnam to replace the patriotic Americans fighting in the jungles. . . . More than anything else, we need young super-patriots to join the wise, gray old men cheering the slaughter from the safety of the side lines, drowning out these sentimental pacifists. How better silence the pacifists than threaten them with the draft? What nobler expression of patriotism than the steadfast willingness to sacrifice others' lives in the defense of one's principles? . . . Let's have blood, preferably pacifists' blood, but any blood—so long as it's not mine.

C. W. Griffin, Jr.

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The Game of Guidelines

Making all allowances for the exigencies of politics, there was something particularly shabby about the President's and Secretary Wirtz's complaint that the New York transit strike settlement "exceeded" the sacred 3.2 per cent limit for wage increases. The fact is that these so-called "guidelines" are as full of holes as a sieve. Sometimes the prohibitions are enforced, not by a formal procedure since none has been provided by the Congress, but by Presidential pressure. Sometimes the limits are ignored, and nothing happens. Either way, the decision usually has political overtones. This does allow flexibility, which may be desirable, but it also encourages abuse.

A pertinent question is why business acquiesces so readily in these directives, which are actually an informal type of wage-price controls. There is more than one answer; taken together, the facts reveal a significant change in U.S. business psychology. It has come a long way from the free-enterprise extremism of the depressed thirties, when employers were wont to declare that they would see their business in the river before they would let the government tell them how to run it. One reason for the difference is that American business now fattens at the Treasury trough. The defense and space exploration companies get theirs directly, but the rest of business benefits indirectly to an extent which no businessman can ignore. Nor is the amalgamation of government and business confined to arms and aerospace. Medicare, for instance, will benefit hospital supply firms; and the railroads are already profiting from the Vietnam war and look hopefully toward federally financed experiments in mass transit.

Then, too, the Keynesian revolution has found considerable favor in the citadels of conservatism. Once the bogey of orthodox business, Lord Keynes now adorns the cover of *Time* and is credited with economic discoveries which have sparked and sustained a boom unprecedented in its duration. What is ignored is that Keynes did his thinking during the great depression, and that his inventions are better suited to prime the pump for recovery than to control an incipient inflation.

In the New York case, the Administration never had anything constructive to offer; Secretary Wirtz was sent to the field of battle for no other purpose than to show the President's solicitude for the footsore citizens and to establish a basis for irresponsible judgment after the parties had come to terms. The censure which followed was purely arithmetical: the strikers had got more than 3.2 per cent, and that rocked the boat. History and past injustices were thrown out, as it were, with a pitchfork. The transit strike was a bad business, but it had its roots in the yellow-dog contracts of the private traction magnates and a wage scale which has only now been brought into line with the rest of the economy. All this the President and Mr. Wirtz blandly ignored.

The final irony is that the Administration itself is heating up the economy with its promotion of at least a medium-scale war in Vietnam, which will result either in inflation or in those sacrifices by the poor which Mr. Johnson disavows. The transit workers are not among the poor, but they are certainly far from rich; they barely keep out of the clutches of the friendly loan societies and the repossessors. Mr. Johnson would have liked them to set an example of moderation. By refusing, they declined to play a game in which the rules are sometimes enforced and sometimes ignored. If "guidelines" is to be more than a game, there is need for precise definitions, equal and consistent enforcement, and procedures designed to insure due process.

Uncle's Head in the Noose

An ancient and scurrilous proverb tells us that he who has a Hungarian for a friend need never want for an enemy. Similarly, a nation that elects to finance, bolster and arm such allies as the collection the United States has accumulated in Asia is asking to have its throat cut. The more a country gives such mercenaries, the more they want, and the more they hate the donor. The more complaisant the rich uncle is, the more his nephews give rein to their insolence. Such services as we render establish a symbiosis, and when America finds it expedient to change a policy, the hired hands are quick to exercise the veto power that is implicit in the relationship. The contract calls for them to make war on Communists; if, in a moment of sanity, American policy makers show some inclination to seek peace, the allies make it clear that they prefer the original aberration.

Washington's rationale has been that since we control the purse strings our allies will do what we want in the end, but this is a dangerous oversimplification. Currently, our purchased allies in South Korea, South Vietnam, Thailand and Taiwan are all opposed to a negotiated settlement in Vietnam. Nothing could be more natural or more predictable. In particular, many of the leaders in South Vietnam collaborated with the French; if the war ended, some of these elements would be fortunate to escape a firing squad, let alone continue to live in the style in which the American taxpayer has been supporting them.

Thus, at the prompting of Ambassador Lodge, Secretary Rusk is sent to Saigon to calm the apprehensions of Nguyen Cao Ky, our latest satrap there. The Secretary's assurances are not altogether plausible. To be sure, Ky knows that anti-communism is the bedrock of American policy from here to eternity, but even a temporary *détente* in his particular sector might be

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fatal to him. So we may be sure that Ky, and his counterparts elsewhere in Asia, are not putting their trust in Lodge, Rusk, Humphrey or other visitors. They are taking care of themselves by all the means open to them, and these are by no means negligible.

Have the events in Korea in 1953 been so soon forgotten? When General Eisenhower set about making peace in Korea, Syngman Rhee took matters into his own hands. One of his threats, reported by Gen. Mark Clark to Washington, was to launch a South Korean drive northward, but this proved to be beyond his powers. Instead, he tried to wreck the armistice by releasing 25,000 North Korean prisoners of war who, according to the truce agreement, were to be repatriated. This might easily have resulted in a renewal of the war; fortunately the North Koreans had had enough by that time and let Rhee get away with it. There is no assurance, in a similar situation, that the North Vietnamese would be equally obliging.

South Vietnam warlords must be thinking hard about what to do if peace really seems to be breaking out in their domain. They have a number of options, such as setting up an ostensibly neutralist government, asking us to get out, and then making the best deal they can with Hanoi. This might not be the worst outcome for the people of Vietnam, but it is not the only possibility, nor the likeliest one. These mercenaries have connections and an infinite capacity for maneuver and murder. According to Senator Young, the CIA opposes a settlement in Vietnam. Presumably the CIA plotters would not care to go it alone in blocking peace moves, but they might have valuable suggestions for their friends in the South Vietnamese government. The South Vietnamese operators also have friends in the growing U.S. expeditionary force, with its array of generals. The potential for mischief is there, and it is a factor tending to tie our hands diplomatically—in Vietnam, in Korea, in Taiwan and elsewhere. Anyone who still has confidence in American policy in Southeast Asia should consider how we have violated the first rule of diplomacy, which is to retain freedom of choice in a changing situation. Unless we can free ourselves of entangling alliances there, peace may be a long way off.

The AMM Decision

The Vietnam war is costly not only in money and human lives (including Vietnam lives—they are human too) but because it obscures the preparations for nuclear war. Whether the climactic catastrophe can be averted may be decided in the next few weeks by a Presidential decision on the anti-missile missile. We have a prototype of sorts, and so have the Russians. By all indications neither is much good yet, but further research and experimentation may result in improvements. That question has been decided: no one in authority, or in an advisory capacity, is opposed to continuing R&D. The matter for decision is whether to put the AMM into production while striving to make it more effective. If the President so decides, the nuclear missile race moves into a new and greatly expanded spiral.

The present situation in this dizzy technology is that a single incoming warhead, proceeding on its original, unaltered ballistic course, can perhaps be destroyed by a nuclear-tipped AMM. But this is very elementary stuff for the scientists and engineers laboring in the doomsday vineyard. The attacker will more likely rely on a missile which, as it approaches its target, will release a flock of decoys, perhaps balloons, to confuse the acquisition and interception radars. The defender counters this trickery with a duplex AMM system, first exploding a high-altitude (250-400 miles) warhead in the incoming warhead's path, and then if it still keeps coming intercepting in the last few seconds with an extremely high-velocity warhead ("Sprint" in the U.S. model), timed to explode in the atmosphere. The advantage of this low-altitude counterfire is that the balloon decoys are slowed up by the atmosphere and the warhead can presumably be distinguished in time. The disadvantage is that the populace must be sheltered, since if the enemy's missile doesn't kill them the fallout from the friendly missile will.

Balloon decoys are, however, already obsolescent. The attacker has many other choices. If he has enough thrust in his rocket, he can equip it to carry and release decoys heavy enough to be indistinguishable from the warhead. Or it may be more efficient to divide the available payload among several warheads, perhaps of different calibers, to be released in different trajectories near the target. Or the missile (or missiles) may be designed to shift from a ballistic course and fool the defensive radar. Or the missile can carry countermeasure equipment to confuse or paralyze the countermissile. Or—a brute-force method—enough missiles can be launched to pour down on the defense until no AMMs are left. Still another technique is to deliver the warhead in a ramjet type of aircraft at an altitude so low that ground radar cannot detect it.

The attacker certainly seems to have the better of it, but in this game no one admits defeat. The Joint Chiefs of Staff are insistent on spending $20 billion on an AMM system, the primary purpose of which will be to defend U.S. missiles in their silos. If they can't have $20 billion, they will accept $8 billion on account for a less complex system. Later, if they get the money, they will try to give "protection" to fifty to seventy major population centers.

On the shelter front, Dr. Edward Teller and his colleague Dr. Eugene P. Wigner advocate quick action. Wigner wants an even bigger shelter system than Teller. He estimates that a nation-wide system of 8-foot concrete pipes could be constructed in seven years, using 8.5 per cent of the nation's construction capacity. The cost is estimated at $38 billion. Interconnection of the tunnels, it is said, would enable families to be reunited, but it seems more likely that the reunion would take place in the next world rather than in this one, where epidemics, floods, plagues of

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insects and other calamities would bring early death to survivors.

The most sensible suggestion emanated in November from a high-level panel headed by Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner and Roswell L. Gilpatric. They pointed out that the "vertical proliferation" of new weapons systems and the correlated shelter construction would "destabilize" the present deterrence balance. They questioned whether sufficient thought had been given to the political consequences of the deployment of anti-missile systems and proposed a three-year moratorium to assess the situation. R&D would continue. It is hard to see what the country, as distinguished from the military-industrial complex, could lose by such an arrangement.

A Case of Civilized Penology

The federal prison system comprises thirty-one institutions. One of the largest is the penitentiary at Atlanta, Ga. When it was built at the turn of the century, education in prisons was practically unknown. Wardens, in self-righteous agreement with the more or less law-abiding majority, frowned on "coddling" their charges. Prison education had its beginnings when chaplains found that between a third and half of the prisoners to whom they gave Bibles could not read. Some of the chaplains began teaching reading and writing, at first for purely religious reasons. In less than sixty years, the system thus introduced has grown to the point where at Atlanta more than 1,700 of the 2,200 inmates are participating in studies that range from accredited high school programs and apprentice training in prison occupations to subjects like radio-TV servicing and architectural drafting. Other federal prisons offer more or less similar opportunities, but at Atlanta a course in computer programing, sponsored by the General Electric Company, is as unique as it is up-to-date.

No less than 96 per cent of the men and women committed to federal prisons are school dropouts. Experience with the GE-Atlanta course emphasizes again that many youngsters do badly in school not because they are uneducable but because what they are taught, or the way in which it is taught, makes no sense to them. When the computer course was announced, some 300 men applied or inquired about it. The first thought was to consider only high school graduates, but this was reduced to a 10th-grade education when it became evident that otherwise some of the most promising candidates would be barred. Additional screening reduced the number of applicants to thirty-seven; on the basis of standardized aptitude tests, twenty-three were finally chosen.

Running until May, the course totals 120 hours over a period of forty weeks; the content is generally similar to the computer course for GE employees and customers. It is given by the company at no cost to the inmates or the Federal Bureau of Prisons and may be extended to provide time on the large computer at the GE Atlanta office. Eventually the prison personnel records, inventories, training schedules and maintenance may be computerized, with inmates doing the work and at the same time fitting themselves for outside jobs.

Under the best conditions, the waste of human resources borne by society and imprisoned individuals is sad enough. "During their long periods of confinement," one prison official remarked, "inmates will devise ingenious crafts and hobbies in order to keep their hands and minds occupied. They will spend weeks, months, even years, in problem-solving; the smallest detail receives their absolute attention and concentration." No doubt many a prisoner has saved his sanity in this way, but it may have little value when he faces the normal and abnormal difficulties of the outside world. Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach expressed his delight that Atlanta inmates would now have an opportunity to be trained in a fast-developing profession, and said that the Department of Justice wanted every federal prisoner to learn skills that would be useful and profitable to him after his release. If the Great Society is more than a slogan, the work General Electric has begun at Atlanta should serve as an example elsewhere.

India's First Lady

The election of Mrs. Indira Gandhi as Prime Minister of India will doubtless be greeted with editorial surprise and politely wide-eyed comment in various sectors of the press. But it should occasion no astonishment.

That women make notably strong and able rulers is well attested by Elizabeth I and Catherine the Great, to name only two; in our own time the late Queen Salote ruled her small land of Tonga for many years with great dignity. And the time has long passed since the intellectual equality of the sexes was a subject for debate.

The only aspect of this event which might raise an eyebrow is the fact that the East, where women have traditionally been held to subordinate roles, has produced the only contemporary female chiefs of state. (Mrs. Gandhi was preceded by Mrs. Bandaranaike of Ceylon, who inherited the leadership from her murdered husband.) The West has yet to offer leadership to any woman — and it will be some time yet before the United States, for one, is ready to accept the idea of Madam President.

Mrs. Gandhi is, both by inheritance and training, the logical choice for chief executive of a nation which is not only the world's second largest but also a land of incomparable moral importance to the peace of the world, and which stands as a great countering force to the nerve-racking confrontations between the United States, China and the USSR. We wish her well and hope that she can display, in the cause of peace, ability inherited from her father, Jawaharlal Nehru. And the surname she bears will be a constant reminder to the world of our era's most eloquent spokesman for the brotherhood of peoples.

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Algeria

BRAKES ON REVOLUTION . . .

Schofield Coryell

Paris

The June overthrow of Ben Bella—who was widely regarded throughout Africa and the Third World as an authentic spokesman of principled anti-imperialism and independent socialism—both prevented the Afro-Asian Conference from being held in Algiers and highlighted the fundamental conflicts (army against people, the new bourgeoisie against democratic socialism, Right against Left) that are raging throughout Africa and Asia today.

Despite the new regime's continuing links with China and the Soviet Union, the single most obvious result of the *coup d'état* in the field of foreign policy has been the spectacular reconciliation between Algeria and French business interests and the French Government, which had (privately) been viewing the leftward trend of the Ben Bella regime with profound misgivings. Under Boumedienne, there is no longer any talk in official Algerian circles about further nationalization of remaining French property, and spokesmen of the new regime are encouraging foreign private-capital investment by offering guarantees against the danger of future expropriation. The French press, by and large, has been enthusiastic about the new regime's abandonment of Ben Bella's "doctrinaire socialism," while the Algerian press has reverberated with the glories of Franco-Algerian friendship, coupled with venomous attacks on the French Left for its alleged inability to understand present-day Algerian reality.

The *coup d'état* seems also to have brought about a marked improvement in relations between Algeria and the United States. The sharp attacks on "American imperialism" that filled the press in Ben Bella's time have been considerably toned down, and American officials in Algiers, including those of the USIS, are no longer kept at arm's length. There is talk of greatly increased U.S. aid—which up to now has been confined to (very substantial) surplus wheat shipments.

The improvement in relations with the Western powers would be more encouraging if it were not accompanied by a press campaign against "foreign interference" that borders on xenophobia, and by a much colder attitude toward the various European anti-Fascist and liberation movements, based in Algiers, which operated freely and with full support under Ben Bella. One of the new regime's first acts was to suppress, by Presidential decree, the Institute for Friendship among Peoples, whose function was to mobilize support for the liberation movements of the Continent. The Spanish anti-Fascists operating from Algiers headquarters have been told officially to abstain from further political activity, if they wish to continue enjoying the right of exile.

In line with its turn to the right in foreign policy, the new regime has already given evidence that domestically the move toward socialism will be slowed down if not actually reversed. It was symptomatic that the first concrete act of the Boumedienne regime was to transfer administration of the medical school from the Ministry of Health to the Ministry of Education. The real meaning of this measure, hailed in the press as a "return to democratic norms," is that medical students are no longer, as under Ben Bella, regarded as servants of the state and the people, to be sent upon graduation to the countryside or wherever else their services are most urgently needed. From now on the practice of medicine as a money-making business will be the rule. Recently, doctors have been meeting to prepare for the reopening of private medical offices, banned by the previous regime. The anti-Socialist bias of the new regime is generally enveloped in a smoke screen of comforting words about the "irreversibility of the Socialist option." The precaution is necessary in a country where the center of gravity is far to the left, and capitalism is a dirty word because generally identified with the violence and injustice of colonial domination.

If we cast a brief glance backward, it is significant that, just two days before the *coup d'état* of June 19, the FLN Political Bureau had published throughout the nation a series of radical and long-awaited decisions: expropriation of the holdings of 8,000 *Algerian* landlords (all the French-owned land had already been expropriated); the spread of the system of workers' management throughout the economy, in industry as well as agriculture; stringent price controls, etc. Widely circulated and well-founded rumors had it that prominent leftists were to be promoted all along the line to posts of highest influence. (For example, the famous Communist journalist, Henri Alleg, was to be appointed editor in chief of the official Algerian News Agency.) Apartment buildings of the big cities were to be nationalized and rents drastically reduced, and indeed a wave of nationalization was to end the persisting conflict between the private sector and the Socialist sector. All these plans have been brutally interrupted by the *coup d'état*, despite the fact that most of the men now in power were present in the government of Ben Bella, and paying lip service to his Socialist ideals.

Since the *coup d'état*, the Socialist sector of the economy—which embraces most of the productive land, but only about 20 per cent of the industry—has been coming under considerable criticism in the official press, which uses the weaknesses and inefficiencies of the collectivized firms (inevitable in view of the chaotic conditions left by the war and the shortage of technicians) as an argument against further extension of Socialist methods and techniques. At the same time, wages have been cut in certain socialized enterprises, and needed funds have been systematically withheld. At the same time the regime has been cautiously emphasizing the virtues and necessity of private business—without, of course, explicitly rejecting the concept of a Socialist future. Some collectivized firms—notably the big paint firm of Norcolor—have been returned to their former owners. In his interview with the French illus-

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Macpherson, Toronto Star

trated weekly, *Nouvel Observateur*, Boumedienne justified these restorations on the ground that the earlier confiscations had been "hasty" and "unfair."

As for land reform, Minister of Information Boumaza (Minister of Economy under Ben Bella) announced at a press conference in September that the matter must first be studied carefully. "We must not fall into the trap of hasty improvisation." Later, Boumedienne stated that measures in this field would be taken "next year." The fact is that nationalization of the big Algerian estates in the interests of the landless peasants is long overdue; the only obstacle to its execution is the influence of the landlord class on the post-Ben Bella regime.

The drive to slow down—if not reverse—the trend to socialism runs directly counter to the political desires and sentiments of the vast majority of Algerian people who sincerely (though vaguely) believe in a kind of humanist socialism in which the products of collective labor would be shared equitably among the producers themselves, who would own and dominate the economy. It is true that the present anti-Socialist trend is popular with a large number of the Algerian officials, petty functionaries and shopkeepers, as well as with the few capitalists and the feudal landlords: in short, with all those for whom independence from France meant essentially a chance to expand their own privileges. It is in their interest that the army—a military caste created *since* independence—has taken over control, and their reactions of joy and relief when the *coup d'état* took place showed that they knew it.

But the regime lives and moves in an atmosphere of general passive hostility. It has been said that the two things the average Algerian detests most are military despotism and religious fanaticism—and in the eyes of the general population the present government represents both. While most Algerians—especially the agricultural workers—consider themselves Moslems, and cling to their religion, they are not ready to sacrifice their economic interests in the name of Islam, as the present rulers would apparently have them do.

Boumedienne's administration has been meeting considerable resistance from the General Union of Algerian Workers (UGTA). At its annual conference, held shortly after the *coup d'état*, the Algiers section of the UGTA emphasized the need to expand the Socialist sector, and vowed to continue working toward the Socialist goals defined in the Algiers FLN Charter adopted in April, 1964, as the "blueprint for the Algerian path to socialism." The national UGTA president, Mouloud Oumeziane, referred, in guarded tones, to the army's seizure of power as "an event which, to be frank, surprised us." The final resolutions openly criticized "parachuted" agents of the regime, who had been sent into the unions to replace the elected representatives of the workers.

The trade union weekly—*Revolution et Travail*—has been seized several times, since June 19, for its occasional guarded resistance to the new conservative trend, but the editors have managed to circulate several issues voicing sharp criticism. The repression is not total. Even more significant than such verbal criticism are the numerous strikes that have been spreading, in both the Socialist and the private sector, against reductions in salaries, arbitrary firings, especially of old workers and trade union militants, and (a particularly widespread complaint) against nonpayment of salaries and the accumulation of months of back pay.

Another source of constant worry to the regime is the intellectual youth and especially the National Union of Algerian Students. This organization sponsored spirited demonstrations against the *coup d'état*, causing Boumedienne to impose a virtual military occupation over the big cities in June, and thus creating a situation in which it was impossible to convene the Afro-Asian Conference. Since then, despite efforts by the regime, the vast majority of politically active students has remained hostile or uncooperative. No more than a quarter of the National Union's executive committee has expressed its loyalty to the regime; the others are in various degrees of opposition, as the circulation of illegal student tracts eloquently testifies.

At the end of July, scarcely a month after the *coup d'état*, an Organization of Popular Resistance announced its emergence through a widely circulated manifesto de-

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nouncing the "stranglers of the Republic," reaffirming a militant faith in socialism, and calling upon the population to form clandestine groups to resist the military regime. While demanding the liberation of Ben Bella and drawing an essentially positive picture of his achievements, the manifesto also admits the weaknesses of the previous government—especially its failure to develop a new Socialist-oriented vanguard party from the nationalist and heterogeneous National Liberation Front which organized the armed struggle during the revolution. The manifesto was signed by Hocine Zahaouane, a youthful leftist member of the FLN Political Bureau under Ben Bella, and chairman of the FLN Orientation Commission before the *coup d'état*, then a stronghold of the Left. The nucleus of this clandestine organization—whose announced aim is to resume the process of evolution from a nationalist to a Socialist revolution—is made up of left-wing intellectuals, partisans (like Zahaouane himself) of a specifically Algerian brand of socialism, based on the concept of workers' control and management of the economy; with them are elements from the essentially pro-Soviet Algerian Communist Party, and political figures strongly influenced by Trotskyism.

Boumedienne lost no time cracking down on this first evidence of organized opposition. Already, several of the principal ringleaders are in prison: Zahaouane, Harj Ali, former chairman of the Algerian Communist Party, and Mohammed Harbi, often described as a Trotskyite, former adviser to Ben Bella and one of the principal architects of the Algerian Charter. Other well-known figures arrested are youth leaders like Boualem Makkouf, former secretary of the FLN Youth, and Houari Muffok, president of the National Union of Algerian Students.

In an effort to create the impression that the opposition is foreign-inspired, the government-controlled press has focused attention on the arrests of a number of French leftists living and working in Algeria since independence. Accused of collusion with the clandestine opposition, these people were imprisoned and severely tortured, according to reports given to the Paris press by some who were later released. A far worse fate awaits the thousands of Algerian leftists now in the hands of Boumedienne's special police, who have been using against the opposition the identical methods of physical and mental torment—electricity, water, etc.—that were once used by the French colonialists against the Algerian nationalists. No one knows the exact number of arrests, and none of those imprisoned for political reasons has as yet been brought to trial. There is still no news concerning the whereabouts or condition of Ben Bella, on whose behalf a group of French intellectuals — those who also signed the famous manifesto against the Algerian war—have issued a humanitarian appeal. [See editorial, "French Conscience," *The Nation,* October 4, 1965.]

Thus, in Algeria, an unpopular, conservative military dictatorship is momentarily in power. The freedom and untrammeled discussion that prevailed under the previous regime have given way to an atmosphere of mutual fear and mistrust; spies of the military are omnipresent. But it can be realistically hoped that the liberty-loving Algerian people—war weary after a seven-year armed struggle against colonial domination—will find a way to restore their democratic rights and create a society in the image of their own earnest desire for social justice and human freedom.

MURDER IN TUSKEGEE

Day of Wrath in the Model Town

Arnold S. Kaufman

Tuskegee, Ala.

This city is widely regarded as a model Southern community. More than 80 per cent Negro, it is the home of famed Tuskegee Institute. Under the leadership of the Tuskegee Civic Association (TCA), headed by Prof. Charles Gomillion, Negroes in the city and the county constituted a majority of registered voters before passage of the Voting Rights Act of 1965. They combined with white moderates to elect a biracial city council composed of two Negroes and four whites.

Tuskegee has a biracial police force; Negroes work in City Hall, and stores in the downtown area are integrated. The two races meet socially, the Veterans Administration hospital and the Tuskegee Institute staff are totally integrated, and there is token integration of the public school system. The town's officials generally call Negroes by their last name, prefaced with the appropriate title of respect.

Yet, were a more militant Booker T. Washington to return today to the institution he founded, he might reasonably amend his famed Atlanta address, saying: "Drop down your buckets where you are, but wear a bulletproof vest." For the murder of civil rights worker Samuel Younge, Jr., has generated explosive racial tension. How did it happen that the town that was supposed to provide a beacon for all black-belt communities to follow is today ablaze with racial hatred?

The short reply is that the much admired racial amity has been mostly surface and precarious, to a very considerable extent the product of good public relations and bad sociology. For the "progress" achieved has left almost unimpaired the white man's economic and social prerogatives, the black man's nagging sense of indignity. The killing of Younge and its aftermath have made it clear that Tuskegee is yet another instance of tokenism in search of stability. But the short reply requires elaboration, and connection with the specific events of recent days. (See also review by Marvin M. Karpatkin of Robert Penn Warren's *Who Speaks for the Negro?*, page 134 of this issue.)

Younge was shot to death at about 11:45 P.M. on January 3, after a dispute about use of the

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men's room at a Standard Oil gas station in town. A 22-year-old student at Tuskegee Institute, a Navy veteran who had been aboard one of the ships that supported the Bay of Pigs adventure, he had most recently been very active in the struggle for civil rights. He was a leader of the local student civil rights group, the Tuskegee Institute Advancement League (TIAL), and a SNCC worker. He had spent the day of his murder on a voter-registration drive among the less affluent Negroes of Macon County, where Tuskegee is located. At one point, a knife is reported to have been pulled by the local registrar—a rather infirm old man who resented the uppity ways of Younge and his TIAL associates. But that was not an unheard-of gesture in this model Southern community.

The Younge family is one of the largest, oldest and most respected in Tuskegee's Negro community. Thus the ramifications of the murder reach more deeply into the city than civil rights killings normally do. It is one thing to knock off an "outsider," quite another to kill a young man related by blood, marriage or friendship to almost every prominent Negro in the area. More than a few persons who had before limited their fight for human freedom to talk and infrequent trips to the ballot box are suddenly to be found linking their hands with young student activists, singing freedom songs during mass protest meetings, and participating in protest marches to the center of Tuskegee. The reaction of one influential former moderate and long-time friend of the bereaved family is instructive. Enraged by the murder, he told me that he had lost all faith in democracy, the present city council and the TCA—in that order. He was sorry he had voted in the municipal election for TCA candidates instead of for the more militant slate of an opposition group.

As nearly as one can presently determine, the death that produced this reaction occurred in the following way. About 11 P.M. Younge told some friends whom he dropped at Freedom House, the local headquarters for younger civil rights activists, that he was going out for cigarettes. He drove his Volkswagen to the Standard station, the only one in town open at that time of night. He tried to use the men's room, but was denied permission by an attendant, Marvin Segrest. A 67-year-old native of Shorter, a tiny town several miles away, Segrest's segregationist sentiments are well known to local civil rights workers. An argument developed, and Segrest pulled a gun. Younge ran as Segrest fired a single shot and missed. The young activist then, according to some reports, went to the police station to report what had happened. If this is what he did, the officers in charge did not respond. Younge came back, presumably to get his car. About ten minutes had elapsed; Segrest was still there, gun in hand. The argument resumed. Segrest is alleged to have fired one more shot, hitting the student in the temple. The police were notified. After searching the premises for a while, one officer reported to Younge's parents, who had earlier been informed of the shooting. He reassured them, saying that the report could not be true, since their son was nowhere to be found. More than thirty minutes after this initial search, a cab driver closing up his stand for the night, discovered Younge's body in an alley that separated his stand from the town bus terminal. At the other side of the terminal is the gas station. Segrest was arrested, charged with first-degree murder, and is being held in jail without bond. He admits that the gun with which the murder was presumably committed is his, and that he fired it at the youth.

If one considers Tuskegee to be a model community that has made steady progress toward racial reconciliation rooted in mutual respect and acceptance, it is difficult to explain the intense reaction to Younge's death—an intensity that is only weakly suggested by the four civil rights marches that have already occurred (as of Sunday, January 9). In point of fact, the events of the past year make it abundantly clear that Tuskegee has been living a lie—a lie made all the more dangerous by the apparent control that Negroes have secured over the political agencies of the community. This is not primarily the fault of TCA, nor of its leader, Charles Gomillion; they have displayed immense courage, dedication and resourcefulness in achieving what has been achieved. Nor is it primarily the fault of the white moderates with whom the Gomillion group has cooperated, for within the framework of their political vision they have tried earnestly and in good faith to achieve racial reconciliation. The fault lies in the self-deceptive nature of the vision that guides both groups, and in the external pressure that constrains that vision from moving from status to contract. I do not even speak of that further movement to a genuine fellowship of equals in which race is what in morality it should be—an aesthetic datum of no greater importance than the difference between the white bark of the birch and the dark bark of the oak.

TIAL was organized in February, 1965. Until that time students at Tuskegee Institute had more or less conformed to the pattern so skillfully promoted by Booker T. Washington and those who followed him. Prudent quiescence crossed with genuine indifference had produced the self-limiting and ambitious person so devastatingly portrayed in the opening pages of Ralph Ellison's *The Invisible Man*. But, quite inevitably, the winds of racial change began to penetrate even the protected environment at Tuskegee.

Younge belonged to TIAL, almost from its inception. He had his baptism of protest when the Tuskegee students decided to demonstrate in cooperation with SNCC in Montgomery. Younge was put in charge of raising funds to finance that march, and managed to produce $1,200 within two days. But the demonstration itself was chaotic. It featured an impromptu debate between the leader of TIAL and Al Lingo, the Alabama Director of Public Safety, about the nature of totalitarianism. It also featured one of the strangest lockouts in the history of human protest—the decision by the only nearby Negro church to close its doors to the demonstrators. The consequences of this lockout were more physical than spiritual, as in segregated Montgomery no other rest-room facilities were readily accessible to the protestors gathered at the state capitol. The protest also engendered internal disputes so rancorous that after the demonstration TIAL was reduced to a nucleus of about twelve persons. Younge was one of the twelve.

Enormous hostility was directed toward the members of TIAL by the administrators, faculty and students of Tuskegee Institute, as well as by the TCA and other community leaders. Nevertheless, though members had violated a number of paternalistic regulations, no action was ever

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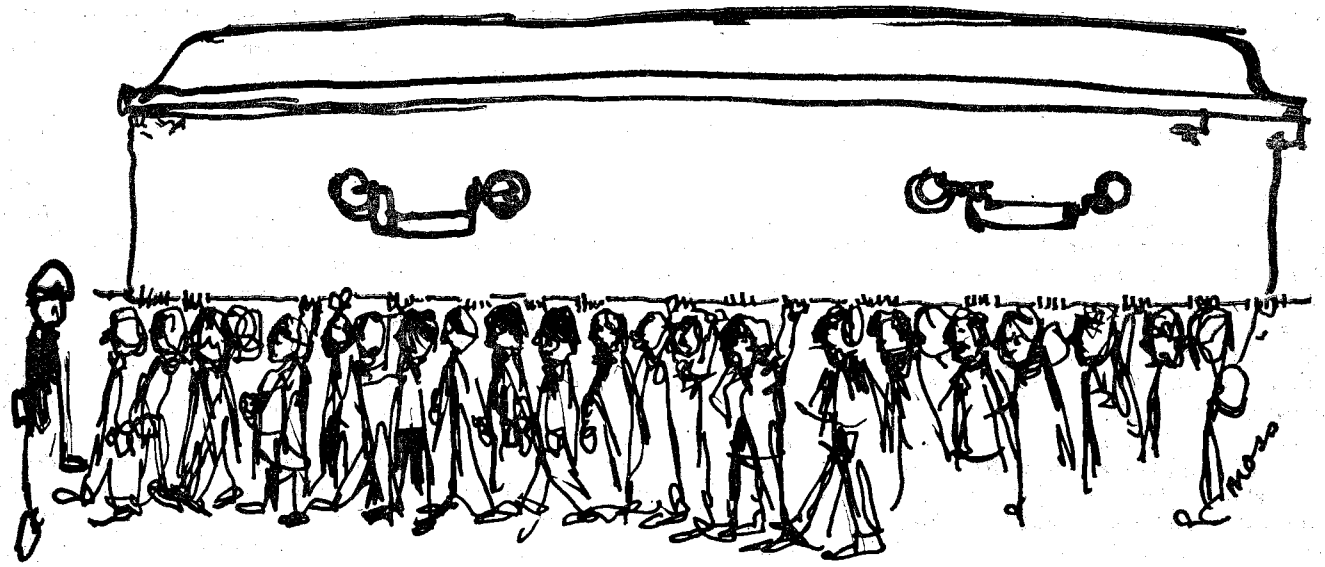

taken against them by the Institute's administration.

During April and May, TIAL devoted itself to voter registration. Its first major success came, however, when it succeeded, through picketing, in so reducing the business of the local A&P that a Negro was employed there for the first time in recent history. Unfortunately, this did not represent a net addition to the A&P's Negro personnel in that part of Alabama, for the man employed in Tuskegee had already been on the company's payroll in nearby Auburn. That was TIAL's first encounter with the means by which those they fought managed to diminish apparent success through clever ruse.

On Commencement Day at Tuskegee Institute, while Martin Luther King was speaking to the assembled graduates, TIAL won its second victory by integrating the local municipal swimming pool. Ten persons, one of them white, gained entrance. That was the last day in 1965 that anyone swam in that pool. For on the following day garbage was thrown into the pool, and despite repeated promises from local officials, white and Negro, the pool was not readied for use again before the time came to close it in the fall. That was TIAL's second encounter with what it reasonably viewed as official duplicity—and this time Negro council members seemed to be participating.

But the major project of the year was the attempt to integrate three local white churches. During this endeavor, a few white men attacked and injured three demonstrators—two white, one Negro. The injured Negro youth was Wendell Paris, Younge's good friend. Paris had tried to protect Younge, who had only one kidney, from their assailants.

The beatings generated more distrust of local officials. As on all other occasions, the leaders of TIAL had carefully informed police of their protest plans and had requested protection. Whether accidentally or not, and many TIAL members think not, no policeman was in the vicinity when the violence occurred. The attackers were arrested, but only after much procrastination, because—as one influential white businessman put it—"We cannot go out and treat these people like common criminals. These are respectable citizens." The grand jury—which despite Negro preponderance in the population, and despite very large numbers of Negro professional people at the institute, the institute hospital and the Veterans Administration hospital, contained only two Negroes of eighteen jurymen—refused even to indict the "respectable" attackers.

In short, the local whites, often with the cooperation of Negroes who undoubtedly are sincerely convinced that they act in the interests of racial reconciliation, have managed to cling to their basic social and economic prerogatives. Though there has been progress, patterns of segregation persist. There is only token integration in the schools, no white-operated restaurant within the city is open on an integrated basis,* the local movie theatre is still shut, housing is rigidly segregated.

*Since this was written one restaurant has apparently been opened to Negroes.

But what has had an even more profound impact on the members of TIAL, as well as on many others in the community, is the way in which victory has been repeatedly transformed into defeat by what has appeared to be the deceit of Negroes as well as whites. Whether or not the suspicion is justified, its prevalence has important bearing on the decline of this model Southern community into a scene of violence and tension.

Through all these developments, Samuel Younge, Jr., was active and highly visible. There are responsible members of the Tuskegee Institute community who say that he was long ago marked for punishment by local Klan members. The Klan is active in Macon County, and during the church demonstrations of the previous summer, the Younge home was constantly guarded by fellow townsmen. Nevertheless, he and his Tuskegee friends used to take chances; for as George Ware, the first leader of TIAL, told me: "Despite all that has happened, these guys really couldn't believe that any of their white fellow townsmen were murderous."

Perhaps this remark gives the most important clue to the present temper of Tuskegee. For a long time the struggle there for civil rights had been carried on within what seemed to both militants and nonmilitants to be a tacitly accepted framework of rules which prevented really serious harm to anyone. The bullet in Younge's temple ended these complacent assumptions, and the reaction has been bitter.

Another factor in today's tensions is local politics. In the last Tuskegee election, two of the three major

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groups were the TCA and the Non-Partisan League. The TCA's basic policy is gradual assumption of municipal power, always taking care to preserve the biracial character of local government. Dr. Gomillion believes, first, that Tuskegee has the obligation to provide a model for other Southern communities, especially black-belt communities. The key, he says, to successful reconciliation of the races is to allay the white man's fear that he will suffer the tyranny he has perpetrated. Second, Dr. Gomillion thinks that the immoderate whites who previously held municipal power were bent on a policy of rule or ruin—that they would have wrecked the city financially had not the Negro majority elected a white majority to council leadership. Finally, he feels that it is tremendously important for Negroes to succeed once they do begin to participate in decision making, and that a period in the minority can serve both to avoid responsibility for failure and to give Negroes the experience they need for success.

Whether he is right or wrong, Dr. Gomillion impresses one as a man of strong conviction, great integrity and faultless courage. Few of his opponents deny that he possesses these qualities.

Certainly Dr. Paul Puryear, also a Tuskegee Institute professor and leader of the Non-Partisan League, does not deny it. Acknowledging the historic achievements of Dr. Gomillion and his organization, Dr. Puryear and his group nevertheless opposed the TCA slate in the last city elections—and were soundly beaten. A Northerner and a relative newcomer to Tuskegee, Dr. Puryear sees an essential difference between the two groups. Where the TCA strives primarily for racial reconciliation, even at the expense both of genuine competence in government and of release from a system of deference that degrades the human spirit, the League demands that the most competent persons in the community be elected and appointed to public office, and that the system of deference be dismantled as rapidly as it is politically feasible to do so. His two aims are inextricably connected, for the possible pace of change is very much a function of the competence and dedication of those who hold office.

Dr. Puryear is especially eager to discredit one of the myths that many hold about recent Tuskegee history—that his group put forward a wholly Negro slate of candidates, and that it in fact wants to replace whites with Negroes. Actually one of the League's candidates for council was a white man. Puryear insists that in Tuskegee it is reasonable to suppose that a preponderance of competent persons is likely to be found within the Tuskegee Institute staff and the staff of the veterans hospital, both of which are predominantly Negro, rather than in the white business community. It is also likely that a commitment to dismantling the system of deference will be deeper among Negroes than among whites.

But Puryear and those who side with him emphatically favor a multi-racial society based on genuine equality. Nor are they indifferent to the problems of racial reconciliation in the short run. Puryear deplores the use of force, and would do everything in his power to avert violence—short of selling out the ideals for which the whole political struggle is undertaken in the first place. Moreover, he believes that in the short and long run the most effective way to forestall violence in a community that is, after all, more than 80 per cent Negro is to provide genuine relief from the indignities of a system based on segregation and to provide constructive channels for the pent-up energies this system has generated.

Puryear regards the view that Negroes in Tuskegee lack the experience to insure success in municipal government as a "classic expression of self-hate." For, as he put it before the murder: "How can we learn from those who have demonstrated their incompetence?" His judgment in this regard has been reinforced by the circumstances and consequences of Younge's death.

Puryear also has an educational motive for the policies he favors. He believes that in the long run the quality of Tuskegee Institute is going to be determined largely by the quality of the local community in which it is embedded. And he is certain that the quality of that community will be what it should be only when every Negro is "free to be himself." Finally, he opposed the TCA on the ground that its program is responsive primarily to the aspirations of middle-class Negroes, and coincidentally to the white middle class, and not to the poor and very poor who are the bulk of the Negro population in Tuskegee and in Macon County generally.

How do the students in TIAL react to this political conflict among their elders? Shortly before his death, I interviewed Younge and his friend and co-leader Paris. The dialogue is of special interest because it constitutes as much of Younge's political last will and testament as we are likely to get. (Unfortunately, I did not distinguish between the remarks of the two students, but as there was absolutely no disagreement between them, the interview may, I believe, be taken as faithful to Younge's position.)

Like Puryear, Younge opposed the view that Tuskegee is a model community. He claimed that in a town in which a prominent white moderate twice called him and Paris "nigger" in the privacy of his office, "the Tuskegee image was being carried too far." He and Paris described the effort and frustration that TIAL had encountered the previous summer. They claimed that, nevertheless, they were prepared to work with segregationists, provided it was politically effective to do so. Younge said that TIAL had originally tried to cooperate with TCA, but had been rebuffed and, in some instances, suffered wicked verbal attack.

He argued that the test of political effectiveness was whether genuine equality and freedom is promoted. He mentioned that Tuskegee can be a model community only when everyone in it is free and equal. And, echoing Puryear, he claimed Tuskegee could achieve these aims only by electing "the most qualified people" to public office. He did not deny that TCA had made substantial contributions to the goals sought, but claimed that much had been left undone that should and could have been done.

A segregationist, to Younge, was any white man who, through acts of commission or omission, tended to support the prevailing racial patterns. And an Uncle Tom he explicitly defined as any Negro who helps white men implement their segregationist theories. He described one prominent TCA leader as "the biggest Uncle Tom in the South," but said of another, "he will do what he can." Thus neither TIAL leader viewed the TCA as either monolithic or irrevocably "segregationist." Indeed, they both expressed admiration for the past achieve-

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ments of Dr. Gomillion and of Mrs. Beulah Johnson, another prominent TCA leader who is one of TIAL's most energetic detractors. Mrs. Johnson, they said, "used to be the most militant person in town, but now she defends white moderates."

Again—and this is particularly poignant — they deplored the incompetence of the local police force, but singled out one officer for special praise as a "pretty just man." They both regretted that the police had had so little experience and training.

In discussing the Tuskegee Institute community, Younge complained that TIAL did not get much support from students, who tended to be preoccupied with the pursuit of conventional careers. He looked forward to the day when what he described as the institute's "totalitarian administration" would establish a bill of rights for students, and would create an environment of genuine academic freedom in all respects. He specifically called for elimination of "segregationists on the Institute's Board of Trustees."

Though both young men express respect for Dr. Puryear and the other leaders of the Non-Partisan League, they also felt that perhaps these men "just want power." In general, their attitude toward Negro members of older generations ranged from the flat claim that they are Uncle Toms to cautious respect mingled with skepticism about their motives. They were convinced that, in the long run, substantial changes would be achieved not through faith in the good will of others, but through the persistent application of pressure. Yet they were essentially optimistic about the prospect for progressive change, about their own ability to marshal the pressure. "Some people are listening," said Younge. Today, as a result of his death, almost everyone in the Tuskegee community is listening.

The morning after the killing, two meetings and a march were held. About 2,500 persons participated in the march. On the day of the funeral, civil rights activity was suspended, but from Wednesday, January 5, through Saturday, January 8, three additional marches and two more general meetings have taken place.

Tuskegee Institute president, Luther Foster, called the meeting that was held on Thursday, January 6. Almost every member of the staff and student body must have been jammed into Logan Hall to hear him proclaim the freedom of staff, students and citizens to involve themselves as they desire in civil rights activity; and to state his "expectation that people will so involve themselves."

It was not the first time Dr. Foster has said such things, nor had this freedom been effectively denied any member of the Tuskegee community in the preceding year. But the utterance of those words on that occasion was nevertheless an event of considerable symbolic significance for the Negro in America. For here, in the school founded by the acknowledged leader of American Negroes for a quarter of a century, Dr. Foster completed the break with the Booker T. Washington philosophy and tradition that has been in process since Rosa Parks decided to stay put in a Montgomery bus some 30 miles away and more than ten years ago. And Wendell Paris made things explicit on the following evening when, referring to a campus statue of Washington which depicts him lifting a veil from a huddled slave, he declaimed: "We got this statue out here of that man who's supposed to be lifting up the veil. Man, he's putting it back on!"

It was Washington who proclaimed, in his Atlanta Exposition address of 1895: "In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress." It was Washington who in his autobiography had declared that "there is something in human nature which we cannot blot out, which makes one man, in the end, recognize and reward merit in another, regardless of color or race. . . . The time will come," Washington assured his fellow black men, "when the Negro will be accorded all the political rights which his ability, character, and material possessions entitle him to." He was certain that these "will be accorded to the Negro by the Southern white people themselves [without] outside or artificial forcing."

That things did not work out quite that way members of the institute faculty who possessed Ph.D.s discovered when they were denied the franchise on the basis of literacy requirements. The TCA was organized and it secured those voting rights through some "artificial forcing." But its zeal and success did not produce a general effort to rethink Washington's philosophy, or to dismantle the institutional structure he had so confidently imposed on Tuskegee Institute, and which had been so long accepted by almost all American Negroes. The explicit endorsement and encouragement of student militancy by Washington's current successor, Dr. Foster, was thus significant far beyond its local meaning. For in his mild and graceful manner, Dr. Foster was expressing his conviction that the cause of civil rights required a great deal of "artificial forcing"—and that he *expected* every Negro in the Tuskegee community to participate.

President Foster's talk preceded speeches by the president of the Student Council, Gwen Patton, and by Dr. Puryear, who spoke on behalf of the Ad Hoc Committee for Justice in Macon County—a group organized by some faculty members only two days earlier. Both speakers voiced a series of demands. Puryear's proposals, which included a municipal public accommodations law stronger and more comprehensive than federal laws on that subject, were adopted without dissent by the overflow audience. Miss Patton's proposals were greeted with an almost unanimous endorsement. And, in a letter to President Johnson, Miss Patton said: "Sir, to be honest with you, the students of Tuskegee Institute are not planning to follow the course of nonviolence if justice is not done in this case." Whether her statement was intended as threat or prediction, and whether or not it is prophetic of student action, Miss Patton was undoubtedly voicing the passions of the moment. The emotional pitch was such that even this sentiment was approved in the school founded by Booker T. Washington.

The virtual unanimity of this meeting was shattered in a mass assembly held the next evening. Another student march, the third, had been staged that Friday morning, and the meeting was called by Miss Patton to determine the wishes of the student community, to reinforce their determination to act, and to announce plans.

Dr. Foster again spoke first. In a clear effort to slow the pace of student protest he described the things that had been achieved. He announced that a large number of federal agents were in Tuskegee, that investigators from Alabama Attorney General Richmond Flow-

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er's office were also there, that officials of the Federal Conciliation Service had met twice with large and representative groups, that the city council had offered to call a special session to consider informally Dr. Puryear's proposed ordinance, and to give the proposals "genuine and serious" consideration at the next general meeting on Tuesday. He also announced that the federal government had instituted suit against the two "private clubs" in town, a move intended to force them into desegregating their dining rooms. Finally, he told the audience that local officials had informed him of "grave dangers" that would attend any marching on Saturday, though he emphasized that he made the announcement only to provide information relevant to plans for further action.

Though Dr. Foster did not prohibit demonstrations and tried on all occasions to make sure that any that did occur should receive the fullest possible protection, it is clear that he was trying to discourage the students from marching into town the next day. Given what he had been told, and his responsibilities as president, he would have been derelict in his duty had he not cautioned the students. The signs of danger to which he referred were reports of cars full of white men with rifles, phoned threats to various people, threats voiced directly to police, at least two instances in which local whites in cars apparently tried to run demonstrators down —without being arrested—and so on. To his caution, Gwen Patton responded: "Ain't no guns or rifles gonna turn us around. We realize the danger, but Sammy Younge did it by himself. So what difference does it make whether it's one or a million?" Her speech was followed by a vote favoring another march.

Still, some opposition was voiced on this occasion. One student expressed a view that is certainly held by many others—that the first march was justified, but that the others have only "riled people up." This statement was greeted by some catcalls. But when the Dean of Students, Dr. Bert Phillips, complained that "the rudeness tonight is certainly not civil, and if we're going to have civil rights then we have to be civil right down the line," there was much applause.

George Ware, who had led the demonstrations of the previous summer, reminded the students of how often they had relied on promises, only to be frustrated in their legitimate expectations. He said that if they backed down, they would be responsible for the next death.

Perhaps the most dramatic speech of the evening was given by James Forman, executive secretary of SNCC. He asked when the terror was going to be stopped. He said that he knew his own days were numbered, but that he had to go on. And he challenged the students: "What do you live for? That's the basic question, baby." Then, describing the many luxuries that can be bought in our consumer paradise, he asked: "Is that enough? Is that enough? Or are you going to take the education you get and give it back to the people?" Forman ended with his favorite quote from Frederick Douglass: "A man who won't agitate for his rights, don't need no rights." Applause was thunderous.

The role that SNCC has played in the demonstrations to date is another bone of controversy. Many people here distrust the SNCC leaders and deplore the fact that TIAL has worked so closely with SNCC over the past year. Younge was not the only member of SNCC among the TIAL leadership, and the presence of the organization on campus is viewed by many as proof that its leaders are pulling the strings. As far as I can tell, that is not so. The various decisions made by the students have met with the overwhelming approval of the students present. It is true that debate has been something less than full and free, but in the excitement of the moment, the demand for more representative discussion has been rather weak. Moreover, despite the ominous predictions, a strong case can be made that the march of Saturday was the most useful and significant of all.

The tension was very high that morning; students admitted that they were scared. Though there must have been 1,500 of them in the hall the evening before, only 250 to 300 were present at the start of the march. The town seemed quiet. The day before, state troopers had joined the city and county police, but they were nowhere to be seen as the march began. The local police had meanwhile concentrated at a spot about a quarter-mile from the campus which the students and faculty would have to pass. When the demonstrators reached them, the police blocked their progress and announced that they would not be permitted to march into town because they lacked a parade permit. The students had not been warned that this would occur, nor indeed were the officers of the institute to whom I talked so notified. Angered, the marchers moved into the center of the highway and sat down. There they remained for about an hour and a half, while their number almost doubled.

The reason given for the barricade was undoubtedly not the real one. It is more likely that the city fathers had decided that all of this "disorderly process" had gone far enough, that a mob had gained control, that the time had come for life to return to normal. It was a typical miscalculation. First, there had been little disorder on the campus, and none at all during the demonstrations. Second, as far as I could tell by sampling my own students, those who participated were among the best and most responsible of the

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undergraduates. Third, normalcy was precisely what these students were determined to fight, at whatever risk. Eventually the students voted to proceed against the police barrier. They locked arms and began to press. Everyone heaved a sigh when the police gave way.

The students marched to the center of town, and seated themselves in front of the businesses of the white moderate leadership of the community. Many local people, most of them rural Negroes, were induced to cross the street and sit with them. The faces of some of these older people were studies in mingled fear and determination. For more than a few it was the first time they had ever participated in a demonstration, and their own courage must have amazed them.

The only thing that sullied the protest was a harangue by one SNCC worker who, among other things, insisted on the basis of no evidence whatever that Younge's murder had been planned in the chambers of the City Council. I believe many of the demonstrators found this demagogy repugnant. They feel that with so much truth and justice on their side, there is not even tactical justification for lies. They deplore the fact that anyone should think it necessary to begin again the process of degradation from which they allegedly want to rescue those they claim to help. But this incident was unique. No one else from on or off the campus broke the unspoken discipline of the marches. After about an hour and many songs, the marchers rose quietly, and in orderly fashion returned to the campus.

I said that this march was the most important and useful of all. I think so because the students who participated, all of whom genuinely believed that they were marching into danger, seemed to be saying to their elders: "Look, we are not a hard core—we are almost a quarter of the total student body. We haven't been manipulated into marching—we march because we want to. We know there is danger, and we're scared, but this time we are determined to do whatever is required to show that we mean business. We are not prepared to accept the indignities you have understandably accepted. We want our freedom—and your freedom—and we want it now. We won't give up until we have won every bit of freedom that is ours by right of birth in this country, supposed to be free and democratic." The older folk may shudder, but I would guess that the majority of them are proud of and inspired by these young people.

If demonstrations continue—and the students seem determined to persist—protection will be difficult, for reasons that dramatically illustrate the need for new federal legislation. The city of Tuskegee has fourteen policemen, supplemented by a county force of four men. All have been working long and exhausting hours. It is a strain that they cannot reasonably be expected to endure indefinitely. The state provided some men during the week of demonstrations, but the community accepted this assistance only on condition that the state police be subject to the authority of local officers. Tuskegee may not be a model community, but no one—except a few Klansmen—wants George Wallace's finest running the show.

The obvious alternative is to turn to the federal government for assistance, but as Attorney General Katzenbach interprets existing statutes, he will not recommend federal intervention until the state has demonstrated that it cannot control the situation. Moreover, the City Council and the officers of Tuskegee Institute know full well that should they initiate efforts to bypass the state's law-enforcement agencies, the state can retaliate in an indefinitely large number of ways that affect education, welfare, the poverty program, technical police assistance, and so on. Because the federal government continues to insist on the myth of reliable state law enforcement in all the states of the union, a relatively progressive black-belt community is caught between the devil and his principal Southern agent.

How the City Council will deal with the situation that has developed is not yet clear. There is some talk of deputizing local citizens, some talk of borrowing police from surrounding communities. Governor Wallace, striving mightily to postpone the day on which justice can be secured in Alabama, has just recommended that all elected county officials be retained in office three years beyond the expiration date of their terms. And one of the three members appointed by Wallace to the board charged with deciding who appears on the panel from which the grand jury will be drawn is the proprietor of the Standard Oil station whose attendant denied Samuel Younge, Jr., use of restroom facilities. The ironies of Alabama justice are endless.

Meanwhile, the City Council, and other municipal agencies in Tuskegee, are under pressure from another direction. They must deal with proposals that were first put forward by student government, TIAL, the Ad Hoc Committee for Justice in Macon County, and then endorsed —in a series of meetings called by President Foster to improve communication among the various factions involved—by a representative group of institute staff and townspeople. These demands include a sweeping public accommodations law, improvement of police services, discharge of the present Public Safety Commissioner, review of existing fire protection, correction of the present imbalance in the hiring of Negroes, complete integration of the schools, reopening of all recreational facilities (including the swimming pool) on an integrated basis, and a program of municipal public housing. The students have pledged that they will continue to demonstrate until their demands are substantially satisfied. They argue that, in light of recent history, faith in promises is not possible.

The council has already responded to the demand for enactment of a comprehensive public accommodations law. They have met informally with the Ad Hoc Committee, and have promised formal consideration of the proposed legislation. Whether they will respond

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quickly and fully enough to slow the pace of protest remains to be seen. What seems clear is that the council is now at last willing to consider steps which have long been ignored, postponed or flatly rejected. Perhaps Tuskegee will yet become a model Southern community.

The myth that it ever was such a model arose primarily from the desire of many people of good will, North and South, to believe it. Their self-deception is quite understandable. The contrast between Tuskegee and Hayneville is as great as that between pre-revolutionary France and France in the Middle Ages. Tuskegee has made substantial progress in some areas; in others, it lags behind even certain other black-belt communities. Nearby Auburn, for example, is no black man's paradise, but a Negro can dine publicly with a white friend in a white-owned restaurant.

The extreme bitterness of the reaction to Younge's death, and the prevailing sense of outrage at conditions in the city, are in part due to the very gap between rhetoric and reality. The progress that has been made, and the public relations use to which this progress has been put, have generated expectations that are greater than those existing in most Southern communities. The murder of Younge accelerated the process of dealing with the resulting frustrations. But it would have happened eventually anyway, for when the gap between claims and facts is great, exacerbation becomes so intense, and incidents so likely, that something is bound to precipitate action.

Drugs on Campus: Turned On & Tuned Out

Mervin B. Freedman and Harvey Powelson

Within the last five years the ingestion of various drugs has become widespread on the American campus. Until recently, drugs were used almost exclusively by those clearly out of step with conventional American life. Prior to 1960, also, the taking of drugs implied physiological addiction, heroin being the substance most used. An exception was marijuana. Certain groups in Los Angeles and New York, many of them actors and writers, smoked pot without deleterious physiological effects or interference with their professional activities. However, marijuana was very rarely found on college campuses.

Physiologically addictive drugs are still almost unknown on campus, but there are now few colleges and universities where marijuana and the new psychedelic drugs, chiefly LSD, are not consumed. On even the most provincial of campuses a student who has flipped out as a result of taking LSD is likely to turn up at the counseling center, or a few students may be expelled for smoking pot in a dormitory. This is not to say that the proportion of students who take drugs is high. Most college students are conventional and dutiful, and are unlikely to contravene acceptable standards of behavior in so serious a way. But on campuses where cosmopolitan students congregate — large city campuses or prestigious small liberal arts colleges — the proportion of students who experiment with pot or LSD may run as high as 10 per cent. This is not a large proportion, but the total numbers are considerable. In a student body of 15,000, for example, but 2 per cent is 300 students — a figure not easily ignored. And the number of drug takers is growing.

It is difficult to fashion a serious case against smoking marijuana except that a user will find himself in serious trouble if he is caught by the police. The effects on society at large, were pot smoking to be as ubiquitous as the consumption of alcohol, are unknown, but within the current limits of use, there is little evidence that marijuana damages the individuals who smoke it. However, once a student has stepped over the line and finds that nothing terrible has happened, it is easy to fall into the illusion that there are no dangers at all. Occasionally a person of somewhat precarious emotional stability may be thrown into a panic state or even a psychosis as a result of smoking pot, but this seldom happens. Similarly, there is little basis for asserting that pot smoking is often a prelude to self-destructive or socially damaging acts. No data exist, for example, to demonstrate that marijuana contributes significantly to an individual's criminal tendencies.

Perhaps the most serious charge that may be made against pot is that it is psychologically damaging. Since it is officially banned, its use reinforces rebellious and anti-social tendencies. Individuals who smoke pot regularly—as opposed to those who experiment with it on one or a few occasions—are likely to scoff at such a remark. Divorced as they are from traditional American culture and society, they are hardly frightened by the prospect of further alienation. Indeed, they are apt to welcome it.

The consistent pot smokers are for the most part graduate students in the arts, philosophy, the humanities and, to some extent, in the social sciences. The rebellion they express in many ways, pot smoking among them, stems from their disillusion with American life and values. They oppose American intervention in Vietnam; they are angered by the lot of Negroes and other disadvantaged minority groups. And they are militant. Aside from enjoying pot's intrinsic satisfactions — relaxation, heightened sensibility, etc. — these students get pleasure from sharing a rebellious, illegal activity. The more rebellious or "anti" the movement, the greater the likelihood that pot smokers will be drawn to it. On the other hand, the use of marijuana is rare in the Peace Corps and Poverty Corps. Even though these workers may oppose traditional policies and politics, their activities are more a gesture of social affirmation than of protest.

On any cosmopolitan campus to-

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day or in any large city, a student can easily buy marijuana or a psychedelic drug. About eighty psychedelic or consciousness-expanding substances have been identified in the Western world—morning glory seeds, peyote, psyilocybin, are among the more prominent—but LSD, the most powerful, has preempted the field. Because of its shadowy status, it has often been easier to obtain than the clearly illegal marijuana. Revisions of federal drug laws will alter the status of LSD, but at least in the near future there is little likelihood that pot or acid will be in short supply. Connections, sometimes students, often ex-students, are easy to find. The going rate is $5 for an LSD capsule. And for many users one capsule is good for two "trips." You dissolve it in a glass of water and drink half the glass each time.

Although the takers of marijuana and LSD overlap, these drugs have assumed quite different meanings for the students who ingest them. Pot smoking is likely to be a relaxing, convivial affair. On occasion, one may in the course of smoking marijuana undergo profound experiences, mystical or self-revelatory, but few pot enthusiasts would claim that it initiated one into life's mysteries. Devotees of LSD, on the other hand, have surrounded the ingestion of this substance with a *mystique*, with cults, with rituals. Some students claim that LSD experiences provide deep insights. They have seen themselves with a clear eye, stripped of the usual defenses and artifices which ordinarily hedge perception. A better self, an ideal self, may be envisioned. New powers are made available to them; intense mystical or religious experiences occur.

However, not all ingestions of LSD result in revelatory trips. Sometimes nothing happens. Other times, reaction may be limited to minor perceptual distortion. The setting in which LSD is taken considerably influences the effect. For some students an LSD trip is a profound personal experience; for others it becomes a religion, a way of life. These two kinds of LSD enthusiasm —the profound personal experience versus the way of life—tend to divide on the frequency of dosage. Students for whom LSD has not become a way of life probably have experienced only a few LSD trips—three or four perhaps, spaced at intervals of several months. LSD experience is likely to contribute to their alienation. They see so very clearly the falsity of the material values that dominate Western society; they have experienced true love—they know what the word love means; they have reconciled the conflicts which plague Western man, and so on. And these experiences have spurred them on to rebel all the more vehemently against conventional American life and politics.

When LSD becomes a religion or a way of life, students take it more frequently—once a week perhaps, or even more often. And when this occurs, a student is likely to leave school. A number of large universities now have groups or cults of LSD devotees who live in the vicinity. Most of the members are ex-students. These people are turned on to their inner world, their internal experience. The external world is tuned out. They do little of anything except observe. They are great nature lovers. They will journey to places of unusual natural beauty, turn on with LSD, and look. They work spasmodically, when funds are needed, but otherwise are inactive. The preoccupations of most people—educational, professional, political—are "games" to them. There is the "Vietnam-administration game," the "student-administration game," the "Hitler-Jewish game," the "McCarthy-ADA game," and the like. Their living conditions often become squalid. The truth has been revealed to them. They are in tune with infinity, and anyone who is hung up on involvement with experiences or activities of the external world is dismissed as a square.

Communication between these votaries of LSD and squares is limited. Because so much of what occurs during an LSD trip is nonverbal, little can be reported. And "what the word cannot say, the mind cannot know." LSD enthusiasts talk of religious conversions, the awakening of artistic creativity, the reconciliation of opposites. The main change to be observed in such individuals, however, is that they have given up doing anything. The aspiring painter talks of the heightening of his aesthetic sensibilities and skills, but he has stopped painting. The graduate student who withdrew from writing his dissertation in philosophy talks of the wondrous philosophical theories he has evolved. But nothing is written. It seems that the world of fantasy has become far more compelling than the world of involvement with external things. Indeed, fantasy is substituted for reality. If one has dreamed the idea of a great novel, the work of actually writing it becomes a drag.

Much has been made of the psychological perils of LSD. They are real enough. In San Francisco or New York one could doubtless track down a hundred or more cases of people who had been rendered psychotic as a result of a dose of LSD. Each student health service, psychiatric clinic, emergency service of a general hospital, would yield a number of such cases. Most of these episodes are of short duration. For each instance of an individual's flipping out, there are several of panic reaction to an LSD experience. Tranquilizers will terminate the physiological effects of LSD in such instances. Most of these reactions occur when LSD is taken in unfavorable settings—alone in a room or in somewhat uncongenial company. Probably more serious is the impairment of judgment that may accompany an LSD trip. It is often difficult to determine the duration of the experience. Individuals whose customary judgment is still somewhat impaired may be driving cars, teaching classes, or making decisions about important family matters.

The long-range physiological results of such a powerful stress reaction as an LSD experience are unknown. Evidence seems to be mounting that repeated ingestions of LSD may have permanent or enduring adverse effects. The semidazed quality displayed by some individuals who are on LSD a good part of the time may be physiological in origin, at least in part. It is unlikely that one or several ingestions of LSD will have enduring physiological effects, but definitive data on this score are not yet at hand.

It is in quietism, however, that the chief danger of LSD lies. An affluent and complex society can easily afford small groups of people whose chief commitment is to their internal processes and their fantasy worlds. But what if there were many such? It is ironic that the military establishments of both Russia and the United States, the very groups that epitomize all that

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the devotees of consciousness expansion most oppose, are experimenting with LSD—as a weapon, of course. A population that is turned on will make no trouble. It will be easy prey for the conqueror. LSD zealots ignore the realities of power—unlike Mahatma Gandhi or William Blake, mystics who were committed to the human and social struggle.

LSD is unquestionably of potential value in various forms of psychotherapy. It may be used, for example, to shatter the habitual modes of reaction of people with strong fixations—alcoholics, recidivist criminals, compulsives, and others—so that they may evolve new ways of coping with the world and of living with themselves. And undoubtedly psychedelic experiences have entailed for some people profound personal insights and mystical and spiritual experiences. These powers are to be taken seriously.

It is more difficult to take LSD seriously as a religion or a way of life. The notion that in 3 to 6 hours one may painlessly attain to the wisdom that Buddha achieved over a period of years seems ludicrous. The LSD grab bag of philosophy compounded out of Zen, Fromm, existentialism, Aldous Huxley, Jung, et al., is an unlikely guide to action in a complex society. The description of a person as "He's loving" (the ultimate compliment), as if somehow one could touch this entity of love, is right out of adolescent fantasy. Above all, the absence of a tragic sense makes LSD as a religion or way of life no more applicable to the richness of human experience than any other simplistic religion.

Yet the phenomenon of psychedelic experience as a religion or way of life should not be written off. What attracts several hundreds of the brightest and most aware of American youth to psychedelic experience and makes zealots of them? Why are many thousands of other youths eager to undergo this experience? The answers are, of course, many and varied. Transcendentalism and the search for utopia are hardly new to American life. There is, however, an urgency to the quest by many young people for new values that deserves the most serious regard.

The brightest and most sensitive of college youth are examining the values of the Western world, and are finding them wanting. There is an upsurge of interest in introspection and in the life of the emotions. There is great concern with people rather than with things. Questions of ethics and morality are on their minds as perhaps never before in American life—not since the Civil War, at any rate. And their education is not meeting these interests. The things that are most important to many young Americans are not being discussed in academic life. The sterile formalism of much American higher education can hardly hold a candle to the psychedelic experience.

Similarly, many youths are turning away in disgust from American society. Injustices that were once accepted lightly—the situation of the Negro, for example—are now a source of pain. A war in Vietnam of most ambiguous morality cannot be easily tolerated. A society which expends enormous wealth on orbiting space ships, the occupants of which can talk to each other only by recourse to locker-room banter, seems almost unendurable.

The interest of many students in drug experience may not be dismissed simply as a sign of delinquency, rebelliousness or psychological pathology. It represents a search for a new way of life. It indicates needs and desires that American society and education do not now meet or fill. There is a quality of naïveté in this quest by students. Wholeness, joy, wisdom or love are not likely to emerge from a few hours that are spent under the influence of a chemical. The interest in drug experience informs us, however, that American society and education are doing little to contribute to the richness of life that students sense can be theirs.

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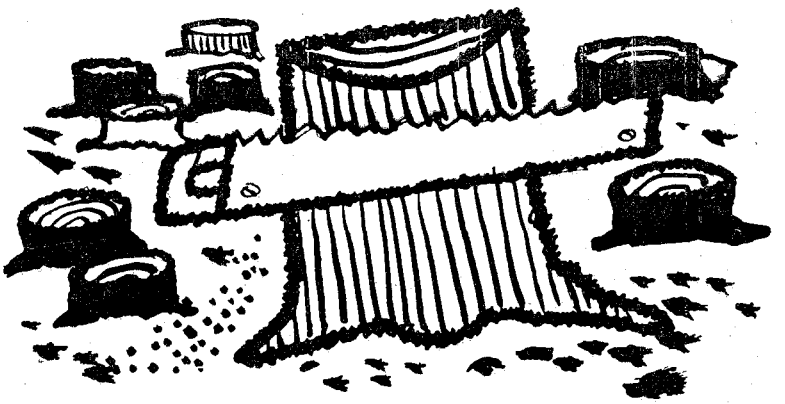
Ventura County

THE BARBARIAN CONQUEST . . . Jack D. Forbes



When did the Barbarians finally conquer Ventura County, California? It is difficult to select a precise date, for the victory was won only after many years of subversion and infiltration. The invasion commenced as a mere dribble in the 1850s, and the size, beauty and natural resources of the county, as well as its Mexican-Indian heritage, forestalled immediate success. Nevertheless, by 1900, the Barbarians largely dominated the commercial life of the county, and only the presence of vast wide-open spaces stood in their path. The 1920s and 1930s saw their power grow, and finally the "great rush" of the post-World War II era gave them their triumph.

Ventura County, along with much of Southern California, is today part of the Barbarian Empire—and probably will be forever, since a region which has once been under Barbarian rule seldom successfully rebels or is capable of recovery. Pockmarked Appalachia stands as an example.

Who are these modern-day Barbarians? The dictionary says that a barbarian is "one whose state of culture is between savagery and civilization . . . any rude, brutal, or uncultured person. . . ." "Barbaric" characteristics are "wildly splendid or showy." This, indeed, is our modern invader. He is anti-cultural, anti-intellectual and anti-conservationist. He is rude and noisy, he is addicted to "wildly splendid and showy" consumption, he cuts down ancient oak trees and replaces them with cement and asphalt, he tears down historical monuments to make room for prefabricated hamburger stands, he destroys beaches to construct parking lots and freeways, he cuts up mountain sides to make a buck (and gets a divvy of the disaster money when the houses slide down the hill). In short, our Barbarian Empire is ruled by men and women whose tastes are crude and whose ethic is simplicity indeed: let's make money.

The destruction of Ventura County is a significant story, since Ventura serves as an example of what happened in other sections of the Empire. Certainly life was not perfect before the Barbarians came. Many Mexicans and Indians were careless of their heritage, a few were wasteful with natural resources, others were willing to prey upon the less fortunate; but their vices were offset by the then abundance of resources and by the basically non-exploitive nature of their pastoral life. Unlettered as they were, these *paisanos* possessed a sense of balance, a sense of dignity, a sense of agrarian contentment that the typical Barbarian lacks. And most important of all, money did not rule their lives.

The change began with the coming of the Anglo-Americans. I don't mean to imply that the terms "Anglo-American" and "Barbarian" are synonymous—it is merely that the Anglo introduced money hunger into California on a large scale for the first time. After that, many Mexicans were capable of being reduced to barbarism by the newcomer's example, while many Anglos have always resisted the disease of plutomania.

The conquest of Ventura County proceeded gradually. First, the more well-to-do Mexican landowners became infected; they squandered their patrimony and Anglo speculators and carpetbagging lawyers moved in to take over the land. The "Dons" were children when it came to playing the game of barbarism—and inevitably lost to the experts. But the county was large enough to absorb the newcomers, and with the promoters and fast-buck artists came schoolteachers and other useful people who built homes and tried, in their quiet way, to live a simple, satisfactory life. Nevertheless, the seeds of disaster were already spouting: the bears were slaughtered and totally exterminated, other forms of wild life were decimated, many natural resources were reduced, and the native Chumash Indians were driven from their ancient homes by developers who had no use for even the labor of the Red man.

The big change, however, came with oil. The populace rejoiced when oil was repeatedly discovered in different sections of the county—when the drilling rigs went up, and the ground became covered with seepage. What a landscape! Oil rigs in every direction, the trees all down, the brush removed, pipes running hither and thither—and a crop of money. This money was to make Ventura a metropolitan mecca of wealth and, perhaps, culture. But the oil was pumped, money was made, yet culture never came. The new millionaires did not live in the oil fields, and they spent their money elsewhere. Ventura got the derricks and the tank farms; other places, presumably, got culture.

But it wasn't all bad. People who were concerned with things other than money found refuge on their farms and orchards, or in quiet, out of the way corners and oak-covered glens. They built schools, grew crops, wrote books, developed a small museum, and some of them planted trees along roads, created parks, and tried to preserve historical monuments (such of them as

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Killing Them Definitively

111 DAYS IN STANLEYVILLE. By David Reed. Harper & Row. 279 pp. $4.95.

OUT OF THE JAWS OF THE LION. By Homer E. Dowdy. Harper & Row. 254 pp. $3.95.

Paul F. Semonin

The death of the American missionary Dr. Paul Carlson erased from most people's minds any doubts about the motives of the American intervention at Stanleyville in late 1964. Most observers felt the Belgian paratroops plucked the white hostages out of the hands of a "rabble of dazed, ignorant savages." Few people gave any thought to the comment by British missionary Herbert Jenkinson, who operated the Leco bookstore in Stanleyville: "I don't think (the massacre) would have happened if the paras hadn't intervened. When they fired, the rebels hated us. Until then they had respected me as a missionary."

Was the sole purpose of the intervention "humanitarian"? The question seems as futile as asking who killed Kennedy. And the books published to date on the Congo intervention offer less consolation to those with doubts than do studies of the assassination. *111 Days in Stanleyville*, by *Reader's Digest* roving editor David Reed, provides a blow-by-blow account of the hostages' ordeal but is wholly lacking in any original interpretation of the affair. *Out of the Jaws of the Lion* by Homer E. Dowdy, which focuses on the Protestant missionaries in the Stanleyville area, consists primarily of eulogic stories of their deaths. Dowdy, who has also reported on missionary work in Vietnam, flew to the Congo at the behest of Rev. Ralph B. Odman, general secretary of the Unevangelized Field Mission. For all their diligent research, neither Reed nor Dowdy saw fit to discuss Jenkinson's reservations about the intervention, quoted above.

Both authors bear out the truth of the African proverb which says, "The foreigner only sees what he knows." They lean heavily on the personal drama of the white hostages, selecting their anecdotes carefully to illustrate the harrowing experiences of whites who venture innocently onto the "dark continent." By dramatizing such atrocities, they reinforce the century-old prejudices of the white man toward the Congolese "savages" leading one to conclude that the Congolese simply aren't ready to govern themselves. Reed makes a nominal effort to point out legitimate grievances of the Congolese rebels, while portraying their "uncivilized" rebellion as canceling out any justice in their revolt.

Had Reed or Dowdy wished to expose the fraud of the "humanitarian" rescue, they had only to pick up a Belgian newspaper. The Dutch Catholic journal *De Standardt* reported the following interviews with paras at Saventhem airport after their return from the Congo:

> *The numerous stories of the evacuation were always the same. The soldiers said they had found the rebels in closets and drawers in the houses and that the rebels allowed themselves to be killed there. "I saw one who was reading a book," said a para. "I shot. He continued to read, until I killed him* definitivement." *During the evacuation, told another, "I entered an empty house. Only the toilet door was locked. I said to my companion: That's not right and I emptied my gun into the door. Then we looked through the house. When we passed the toilet again, I saw blood flowing under the door, I was right to think something was wrong."*

Another para told a correspondent from the Belgian publication *Special*: "When I saw the white bodies, it was too much for me. I fired, as much as I could, on all the blacks I saw."

The Belgian paras, according to the State Department, were "under orders to use force only in their own defense or in the defense of foreign and Congolese civilians." Yet J. Anthony Lukas of *The New York Times* estimated that some 3,000 Congolese were killed in Stanleyville on the *two days* following the drop, a period when, according to every report, the rebels had fled into the bush. How many of those shot down indiscriminately by the paras were civilians? No one knows. In Stanleyville when the stench was too great and there was danger of an epidemic, the dead were buried in mass graves under the supervision of a UN sanitation official.

On two occasions, at Albertville and Uvira, the rebels were bombed and strafed after they allowed whites to leave. They felt that the presence of the white hostages at Stanleyville had prevented the air attacks, which along with continuing massacres by white mercenaries, had taken a heavy toll among their own civilian population. Reed casually quotes a mercenary at Kindu: "I should imagine in Kindu we must have shot three thousand people. I'll be honest with you: most of them unnecessarily." He discreetly omits an eyewitness account of the Kindu massacre given by an English mercenary, Geoff Munn (published in the French weekly, *le Nouvel Observateur*). Munn later deserted the mercenary force because he was sick of killing.

> *We charged on the town. The blacks tried to reach the other bank of the river. Few of them made it. We mowed them down by the dozens in our descent. Suddenly, we found ourselves in the midst of them. They didn't fight back at all. We killed, killed, killed. Finally at nightfall when we were sure there was no one left alive, we tried to settle down. We stumbled over the bodies. Exhausted, some of us slept among the corpses.*

On another occasion the rebels sabotaged a truck belonging to the mercenaries on the road to Stanleyville. The mercenaries were ordered to destroy the nearest village in retaliation. Again Munn, who was there, is quoted:

> *We arrived at the village before nightfall. The women were coming and going unsuspectingly, carrying water. The children played in the dust, laughing and calling to each other. We stopped a moment in the brush, watching. Then came the order to open fire. The machine guns and our new Belgian rifles opened up. The women shrieked, they fell. The kids stopped, flipped over like rabbits by the bullets. We charged, continuing to fire. A few of us put cans of gasoline against the huts and set them afire with matches. Others threw phosphorous grenades which turned the victims into human torches impossible to extinguish. The moans, shrieks and cries of the blacks begged for mercy. Amidst all of that the unbelievable yells of the commandos: obviously, they loved it. At last, away from the village, the silence. Far off the cries of the wounded and those of the*

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tropical birds, hardly discernible, settled in the warm, humid night.

As Munn points out, the orders to destroy the village were familiar ones. "We had done nothing else since our departure farther South; destroying innocent villages of small farmers who didn't give a damn for the war." The orders of mercenary leader Major Michael Hoare were to shoot all the blacks on the spot. "Even if you see men, women and children running toward you, even if they beg you on their knees, don't hesitate, shoot. Not to wound, to kill." The logic of Hoare's campaign was simple: "To western ears this may sound brutal and insensible but after a campaign of three months here, I know it's the only solution. There isn't any compromise. The political solution will only come when the rebels have been destroyed."

Reed compares the mercenaries to "gunfighters in the American wild West" or *condottieri*, the hired soldiers who fought in Renaissance Europe. They are pictured essentially as men of adventure, cold, heartless creatures, perhaps, but in no way politically motivated. Both Reed and Dowdy try to dissociate their ruthlessness from American policy. Reed notes that the State Department went out of its way to prevent Americans from serving in the mercenary army. He also claims the United States refused to allow the mercenaries to ride on the C-130E transport planes because it was felt this would be damaging to the "American image" in Africa. He does not explain why, then, six white South Africans were hired *to fly* American T-28 fighter planes.

Reed and Dowdy's versions of the campaign on Stanleyville distort the United States role in the hiring of the mercenaries. Both claim Tshombe hired the mercenaries after moderate African countries refused to send troops to the Congo. In fact, G. Mennen Williams, Under Secretary of State for African Affairs, pressured Tshombe to make an appeal for African troops after the latter had secretly hired the mercenaries. J. Anthony Lukas reported on August 25 that the U.S. Government "hoped (Tshombe's appeal) would at least provide diplomatic cover for the mercenary operation and at best, if necessary, limit the number of mercenaries needed." Tshombe's call for African troops came in the last paragraph of a communiqué issued on August 17, 1964: "We will gratefully accept all aid which friendly African countries would agree to put at our disposal." The first plane load of mercenaries arrived only a week later on August 23. Major Hoare, who had been in Leopoldville since mid-July, later told of the day he signed his contract with Tshombe's government: "I returned to M. Tshombe several days later, on Saturday afternoon. It was five o'clock. He had just come from a press conference where he declared he had no intention of hiring mercenaries." Lukas pointed out that "Both Belgium and the U.S. Governments are known to have participated in the planning for the force. The two governments are reported to have agreed at talks in Brussels last month that some sort of mercenary force would have to be organized to supplement the Congolese Army, which has virtually collapsed in the face of the rebel assault."

The United States Embassy in Leopoldville, so Reed says, urged Washington for months to send U.S. troops to "rescue the hostages." Averell Harriman held several meetings in September and October with General Earle G. Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, to discuss such an operation. At Harriman's request, Wheeler's aides drew up contingency plans for sending U.S. forces to Stanleyville. Reed offers no clear explanation of why the intervention was delayed. He fails to note the chief reason, which was the lack of ground support from the mercenaries and government troops who were then still hundreds of miles south of Stanleyville. Another factor militating against the intervention then was President Johnson's campaign for re-election.

On November 8, two days after the fall of Kindu and following Johnson's victory, Prime Minister Spaak came to Washington to discuss the Congo situation. According to Reed, "Harriman had for some time favored the idea of sending American troops to Stanleyville, if necessary, to rescue the hostages. Now Spaak proposed that the two countries intervene jointly, if diplomatic moves should fail." These diplomatic efforts to negotiate the release of the hostages never offered any assurance to the rebels that their own civilian populations would be protected from massacre. They were, therefore, little more than a moral embellishment of the military plans. On November 11, five days before the announcement of Carlson's execution, several American officers met in Brussels with their Belgian counterparts to draw up plans for the intervention. Monday, November 23, was set as the tentative date for the operation.

On November 22, two days before the actual drop, Belgian Colonel Frederic Van de Walle, who was then in *direct* command of the mercenary-led columns at Lubutu, flew back to Kamina air base in a small plane to confer with Belgian and U.S. officers in charge of the operation. Contrary to press reports the mercenaries were not racing toward Stanleyville to save the whites. They spent three days at Lubutu, only four hours' straight drive on good roads from Stanleyville, waiting for the Belgian paras to be moved from Ascension Island to Kamina, prior to the drop on Stanleyville. On his arrival in Kamina, Van de Walle asked that the operation be delayed one day until November 24 so that the Congolese army and mercenaries could arrive simultaneously with the paras. He then returned to Lubutu at 4:30 P.M. on November 23 and instructed the mercenary-led columns to move out for Stanleyville as the paras would be jumping at 6 o'clock the following morning.

Reed's detailed account of the military planning behind the "humanitarian rescue" shows that the drop of the paras on Stanleyville was part of a comprehensive military design, not simply a spur-of-the-moment decision aimed solely at saving white hostages. Effectively, the paras opened Stanleyville up to the mercenaries and the Congolese army. The strong resistance by the rebels at Stanleyville, following the departure of the paras on November 27, showed how difficult it would have been for the mercenaries to take the town without the intervention of the paras. Only after relentless air attacks against the rebel positions were the mercenaries able to take the left bank of the town. Of course, these air attacks were precisely what the presence of the white hostages had prevented. The hostages, therefore, were simply moved from the path of the attack force. To give the action humanitarian motives, except in this limited sense, is to ignore the paras' killing of defenseless Congolese civilians and their explicit orders to seek out rebel leaders—in other words, to deny the whole logic of the campaign.

Stripped of its humanitarian pretense, the Stanleyville operation resembles other U.S. military interventions aimed at preventing so-called "Communist take-overs." After Chou En-lai's visit to the continent, Africa became the focal point of Chinese influence. Our aid to Tshombe went to stop the alleged Communist penetration of the Congo. Washington claimed the Congolese rebellion was supported by Chinese diplomatic officials in neighboring Burundi and

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Congo-Brazzaville. Dowdy follows suit by describing rebel leader Gaston Soumialot as a man "who had read the communist manuals and followed them line upon line." These arguments seem hollow in the light of Reed's revelations of life in the People's Republic during the rebel occupation of Stanleyville. One learns, for example, that Gaston Soumialot is a Catholic who attended Mass regularly. Shortly after his arrival in Stanleyville on August 28, he asked the dean of the Stanleyville Cathedral, Father Paul Van Vereertbrugghen, to celebrate a Requiem Mass for everyone who had died during the rebellion, Europeans and Congolese army troops included. Rebel leader Christophe Gbenye, too, was a Catholic. Soon after he arrived in Stanleyville on September 5, another service was held in the Cathedral, a *Te Deum* or Hymn of Thanksgiving, to mark the founding of the People's Republic. Of the top four rebel leaders, only Nicholas Olenga was not a Catholic. However, his wife did seek out a Protestant missionary teacher for the Olenga children during the rebel occupation of Stanleyville.

In contrast to the Chinese "agents," the missionaries in the Congo evoke only the purity of the white man's intention. Dr. Paul Carlson was, as *Time* put it, a symbol of all the white men "who want nothing from Africa but a chance to help," who "out of a strong Christian faith and a sense of common humanity, had gone to the Congo to treat the sick." Al Larson of the Evangelical Church of the Upper Congo told the *Simbas*, "We are not involved in politics. We are here to preach the Gospel. That's all." Dowdy saw the Catholic Church as the "humanizing oil of the colonial machinery." The word "humanitarian" clearly has a special meaning in these circumstances.

From their inception the missionaries worked closely with the colonial administration in efforts to provide the Congolese with a suitable ethical outlook. The Catholic missions received direct subsidies, tax relief and exemption from customs duties. In return they gave the Africans a rudimentary education to equip them for their role as manual laborers on the colonial plantations and in the mines. The aims of missionary work were outlined in a book published in 1949 by J. Roussel, a doctor of Philosophy and Theology and professor at the scholastic school of the Sheut Missions. "Respect, docility, sincere and loyal collaboration are the greatest virtues one must inculcate in our black brothers, the ideal colonial spirit." Such paternalism was part of the general Belgian policy of education in the Congo, a policy which prohibited higher education or professional training for the Congolese for the express purpose of discouraging the formation of an elite with nationalist ideas. The tame, half-educated Congolese were precisely what plantation and mine owners wanted for laborers. Mr. Roussel's remarks to Belgian employers include what he called the "conditions for a good repression," aimed at avoiding a servile discipline and violence. "The repression must be effectual. It will be so if it is infrequent and as by accident. It should be moderate, prudent, executed with calm and dignity, but always with energy. The one who punishes must be respected, and to a certain extent loved. . . . The repression must be accepted as a necessary remedy. The laborer should submit to it willingly. 'To conquer is not to convince.' It is not necessary to prepare rebels and rebellions."

Once the rebellion came, the missionaries accepted their new hardships philosophically. As Rev. Ralph B. Odman says, "There is no safe way to do missionary work and missionary deaths will yet be necessary to com-

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plete world evangelization." Presumably missionaries will continue to provide Washington with a ready-made excuse for intervention in Africa. No one can exonerate the *Simbas* for their atrocities, nor for their weaknesses as political leaders. But they clearly face a wolf in sheep's clothing when they deal with the missionary. One can sympathize with Gaston Soumialot, therefore, when he asks David Grinwis, the U.S. vice consul in Stanleyville: "When do you think people have the right to revolt?"

The Importance of Mythology

The author of the following review is an Africanist who has asked that his name not be used. — The Editors

This is the first endeavor to set down in detail the story of the attempted overthrow of Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia five years ago. Aside from this book,* we have only perfunctory accounts, most describing the attempt as a palace revolt, powered by jealousy and ambition and frustration. But Richard Greenfield believes that the leaders of the abortive coup wanted "to reform and remold the whole system and motivation of government." He adds that their act awakened a new political consciousness in feudal Ethiopia; the martyrs and their cause have created a new national myth, potentially as powerful as the old familiar national myth that traces the royal line of Haile Selassie to Solomon's seduction of Sheba.

Greenfield, a geographer, was Dean of Students at the University College of Addis Ababa during the coup. In that role, he, like the Ethiopian students, stood on the periphery of the events. Since then, he has interviewed many young, educated Ethiopians and examined many documents smuggled from the country. His careful study of this information—not, as the book jacket implies, his eyewitness evidence—provided most of the material for the key sections of this book.

Greenfield treats the coup on two levels. First there is a scholarly account — a convincing one — of the causes, events and aftermath of the crisis of December, 1960. Then the book embellishes the scholarly account with an interpretation of the events, an interpretation based mainly, I think, on the view that young, educated Ethiopians now have of the crisis. In short, Greenfield gives us the mythology of the crisis as well as its history.

The coup's three leaders—Greenfield calls them martyrs now—were Girmamé Neway, the governor of Jijigga sub-province; his older brother, Gen. Mengistu Neway, commander of the Imperial Guard; and Lt. Col. Workneh Gebeyehu, the head of the Ethiopian secret service. In Greenfield's view, the mind and heart and soul of the coup, the revolutionary who worked his will on the others, was Girmamé, 36 years old at the time, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, an M.A. from Columbia University. Greenfield has examined Girmamé's meager writings, including his thesis on land policy in Kenya, and talked to many friends of Girmamé to uncover clues about the make-up of the revolutionary. He describes Girmamé as an admirer of the American Revolution, a reader of left-wing literature, and a Pan-Africanist. Greenfield says Girmamé never—as charged later—turned Communist. His head was filled with the slogans of independence and freedom bandied about by the new African nationalists, and he compared these ideals with the autocracy and stagnation of Ethiopia. On his return to Ethiopia, he tried, as a governor, to reform feudal land ownership and encourage economic development but was thwarted by the traditional feudal families running the government. Unlike most angry young men in Ethiopia, he had a powerful brother. He turned to revolution.

He organized a small Council of the Revolution in 1960. The members intended to bide their time and plan a coup carefully. But word leaked out and rumors spread, forcing the plotters to act ahead of time. They moved on the night of Tuesday, December 13, while the Emperor was on a state visit to Brazil. During the night, the plotters summoned many ministers and other dignitaries to the palace on various pretexts, including a lie that the Empress was dying. These officials were given the choice of joining the coup or remaining under arrest. By Wednesday afternoon, the Imperial Guard's armored cars and troops controlled Addis Ababa, and the Crown Prince, named the new chief of state, broadcast on behalf of the rebel government.

But a counterrevolutionary force, headed by Maj. Gen. Merid Mangasha, chief of staff of the armed forces, began to form. He moved regular army troops toward the city. Haile Selassie, informed of the coup, left Brazil and headed back to Ethiopia. The Council of the Revolution, convinced that the army would eventually support the coup, waited patiently. The wait meant a loss of momentum.

By Thursday afternoon, the Council of the Revolution decided it must battle the advancing army troops. The clash lasted for more than a day. Many Ethiopians were killed, far more than the 324 officially announced by the government. The army, aided by air force bombers, defeated the Imperial Guard. By Friday evening, the coup's leaders fled from the palace. Before they did, Girmamé grabbed a machine gun and gunned down a roomful of arrested dignitaries so "that Ethiopia should never be the same again." The Emperor entered Addis Ababa the next day. On the same day, Workneh, surrounded by soldiers, put a gun in his mouth and blew his head off. A week later, government forces found the Neway brothers. Girmamé shot Mengistu and then killed himself. Mengistu lived and stood trial. He was convicted and then hung on March 30, 1961.

**Ethiopia: A New Political History.* By Richard Greenfield. Frederick A. Praeger. 515 pp. $10.

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Greenfield reports the coup failed for a variety of reasons. Most important, Girmamé deluded himself into believing it would receive support from the masses. He counted on a political consciousness that did not exist. Most of the miscalculations by the plotters stemmed from this delusion. For example, Greenfield points out that the revolutionary proclamations, with their talk of economic development and living standards, could appeal only to people who had awareness of the world outside Ethiopia. It would have been far better, Greenfield notes, for the rebels to have stirred the masses by accusing Haile Selassie of being a secret Roman Catholic.

But the rebels kept hands off Haile Selassie—their second error. Greenfield points out that all government in Ethiopia today depends on the person of the Emperor. The rebels had to kill him or arrest him or neutralize him in some way. Instead, they acted as if he would calmly accept revolution and stay in Brazil. In the same way, the rebels ignored the Ethiopian Christian Church, which orders the daily life of almost all Ethiopians. They never arrested the patriarch of the church, and he later issued proclamations on behalf of the counterrevolutionaries. The rebels did not even mention God in their own proclamations.

In a foolish miscalculation, the rebels failed to arrest General Mangasha and other top military officers. For some reason, Mengistu felt certain that Mangasha would join the rebels. Girmamé counted on the young officers of the army and air force feeling the same revolutionary fervor that he did. Nothing like this happened, and Mangasha used the military forces to crush the coup. The rebels also had so much confidence in the success of their mission that they hesitated until too late to take any step that might cause bloodshed. This hesitation gave Mangasha the time he needed to organize a counterrevolutionary force.

Greenfield accuses the United States of playing a major role, though not a decisive one, in the crushing of the coup. Brig. Gen. Chester de Gaure, head of the U.S. military mission, advised Mangasha on the operation that recaptured Addis Ababa from the rebels. Ethiopian pilots, according to Greenfield, took off to bomb the rebels only after "an American captain climbed into a cockpit commenting that they dare not do likewise." Greenfield discounts the rumor that all the planes were piloted by Americans, but he reports that "many people in Ethiopia believe so to this day." Actually, any American piloting would have been of extreme significance; Mangasha has said that "at least 75 per cent of the battle against the abortive coup d'etat was won by the air force."

Greenfield also discusses the role of U.S. Ambassador Arthur Richards, who acted as an intermediary between the rebels and the counterrevolutionaries. Some foreign news accounts have said the air force intended to support the rebels until Richards persuaded them to do otherwise. Greenfield neither accepts nor rejects this version, but says: "The resentment felt by many Ethiopians over what they see as the role of the United States in the events of December 1960 could one day be a political factor of some importance—especially if a pattern in any way similar were to be permitted to occur again."

For Greenfield, the significance of the attempted coup is the crystallization of "a cause [that] had not only been defined within an Ethiopian context but also had acquired its martyrs." He reports that a series of conspiracies and crises have shaken Ethiopia since December, 1960, and he is optimistic about young Ethiopians fulfilling the dreams of Girmamé Neway. Greenfield bases his hope on seeing "the gloom and despair on the faces

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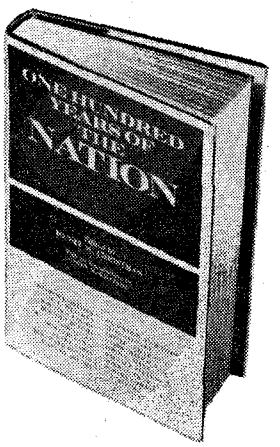

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of leaders of yet another generation of young Ethiopians slowly changing into resolution."

Greenfield's account is an exciting one, surely the most reliable we have of the coup, but it is marred and dulled in several ways. First, as Greenfield himself puts it, "the truth is always hard to discover beneath the network of intrigue, deceit and secrecy which has typified Ethiopia for so long," and it's impossible to check the accuracy of the details in his narrative and conclusions. Moreover, his attempt to present both history and mythology confuses the story; at times it's not clear whether something happened or whether Ethiopians only believe it happened.

The book also is marred by the naïveté that Greenfield displays about Africa and its young elite. He continually throws in asides about the democratic fervor of African nationalists outside Ethiopia and about the anger of educated, young Ethiopians toward the privileges of the ruling class. In this, Greenfield takes on the delusions of his hero, Girmamé. The truth is that most African leaders have about as much fervor for democracy as does Haile Selassie; and most angry young Africans, including Ethiopians, lose their anger as soon as they are permitted to partake of some of the privileges. This does not mean that Greenfield is wrong about coming revolution in Ethiopia. But it does mean that democracy is unlikely to succeed the rule of the Emperor and that most angry young men will join the revolution only if rebellious military commanders lead them by the nose.

Finally, the book is dulled by Greenfield's attempt to relate the coup to 3,000 years of Ethiopian history. He probably was forced to do this because the book was commissioned as a volume in the "Praeger Library of African Affairs" series; to fit, the book had to seem like a comprehensive study of Ethiopia. The first half is a disorganized, surveyish glance at pre-1960 Ethiopia, written without grace. One should start the book on page 269.

Despite these blemishes, the book is important and will figure in the future of Ethiopia. The Ethiopian Government already has shown its distress by trying to persuade the British and American publishers to withdraw the book or at least tone it down. Copies are sure to be smuggled into Ethiopia soon and passed among the young elite, perhaps among frustrated militarists as well. While reporting the mythology of the coup, the book will have a part in perpetuating it.

HOW IT WAS

WHO SPEAKS FOR THE NEGRO? By Robert Penn Warren. Random House. 454 pp. $5.95.

Marvin M. Karpatkin

Robert Penn Warren does not answer the question posed by the title of his book. Nor does he presume to. The question is almost rhetorical, as the content of the book demonstrates. *Who Speaks for the Negro?* is much more accurately a book about various spokesmen for the Negro. At the same time, it adds up to a comprehensive and frequently penetrating study of Negro leadership and the civil rights movement (mostly South but also North).

The dominant motif, sounded early in the book, is that everything which is happening in race relations bears witness to the burial of Sambo:

> *. . . the supine, grateful, humble, irresponsible, unmanly, banjo-picking, servile, grinning, slack-jawed, docile, dependent, slow-witted, humorous, child-loving, childlike, watermelon-stealing, spiritual-singing, blamelessly fornicating, happy-go-lucky, hedonistic, faithful black servitor who sometimes might step out of character long enough to utter folk wisdom or bury the family silver to save it from the Yankees.*

The format is a lengthy series of tape-recorded interviews, liberally interspersed with Warren's commentary, sometimes tangential, almost always relevant. It would be hard to find any significant omissions. Not unexpectedly, the long chapter, "The Big Brass," consists of interviews with the well-known national leadership: Adam Clayton Powell, Roy Wilkins, Whitney Young, James Forman, James Farmer, Martin Luther King, Wyatt Walker, Bayard Rustin and the late Malcolm X. Warren also interviews, in a chapter called "Leadership from the Periphery," writers James Baldwin and Ralph Ellison, bank president John Henry Wheeler, Carl T. Rowan, then USIA director, U.S. Court of Appeals Judge William H. Hastie, and Dr. Kenneth B. Clark.

Mississippi during the summer of 1964—where he first encounters the burial of Sambo—receives special attention. In addition to interviews with SNCC's Bob Moses, and Aaron Henry and Charles Evers of the NAACP, Warren gives his observations of meetings and other confrontations, as well as his evaluation of the 1964 summer project and the effectiveness of the voter-registration campaign.

A few provoking quotations by Warren are used to stimulate his interviewees to start talking. They are artfully selected so as to cause moral dilemmas—value conflicts—in those who are questioned. He recalls Myrdal's proposition that the situation today would have been vastly different if the defeated slaveholders after the Civil War had been financially compensated. He quotes the young W.E.B. DuBois *(The Souls of Black Folk)* on the "two-ness" of the American Negro: "two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled strivings, two warring ideals in one dark body. . . ." And he frequently returns to Kenneth Clark's critical evaluation of nonviolence. "The natural reaction to injustice, oppression and humiliation are bitterness and resentment. . . . It would seem, then, that any demand that the victims of oppression be required to love those who oppress them places an additional and probably intolerable psychological burden upon those victims."

Although only the Clark quotation is of immediate practical relevance, all three of them produce the calculated effect. Everybody talks into Mr. Warren's tape recorder; and in the course of commenting on Myrdal, DuBois and Kenneth Clark, a great deal is told about the speaker and about the part of the movement with which he is identified.

The other interviewees refused to let Professor Warren limit them to his three arbitrary dilemmas. Thus James Farmer does not brood about the DuBois "psychic split." He sees no problem of hyphenation. He articulates a position of almost classical cultural pluralism, "unity through diversity," when he tells Warren that for him there is no dilemma of duality.

Similarly, Martin Luther King, while recognizing the possible effectiveness of the Myrdal notion of compensation to the slaveholders, sees it within the context of "the tragedy of the whole system of slavery." (One may recall the neglected words of Lincoln's Second Inaugural. School children are taught to memorize: "With malice toward none; with charity for all. . . ." But the same Lincoln, in the same speech, cautioned that dispensation

Marvin M. Karpatkin is an attorney closely associated with the civil rights movement. He has served as a volunteer with the American Jewish Congress, the ACLU and CORE, and in Mississippi with the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee.

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of charity might have to wait "until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword. . . .")

Curiously enough, though Kenneth Clark's critique of King's nonviolence comes up in many interviews, when he interviews Clark, Warren doesn't even raise it. But Warren does maneuver Clark into an evaluation of John Brown, a very un-King-like figure, perhaps in an attempt to challenge Clark's rejection of nonviolence. Clark does not get caught in Warren's snare. His view of Brown as a madman and a murderer does not compel him to abandon his conviction that it is a delusion to regard love and nonviolence as the panaceas which will produce great social change. Clark sums it up: "I personally recoil from bloodshed, because I think it is just another form of human idiocy [but] the fact still remains that major social changes toward social justice in human history, have almost always come if not always through irrational and questionable methods." It is nevertheless one of the small faults of the book that after playing back to us the many interviews which defend King and criticize Clark (including Ralph Ellison, Aaron Henry, Dr. Felton Clark of Southern University, and King himself), Warren chose either not to question Clark on this topic, or to omit this portion of the tape.

Some of the interviews reveal only the predictable. Adam Clayton Powell emerges as a self-crowned king of the ghetto. (The biographical note provided Warren by Powell's staff recalls as one of the turning points of his life, when the young Crown Prince was forced to vacate a college dormitory which he shared with a white roommate, notwithstanding the fact that "we had drunk out of the same bottle and slept with the same women. . . .") But interviews with others provide hitherto unseen glimpses into character and personality: Whitney Young, executive director of the Urban League, is much given to self-quotations, references to his own writings and speeches, and there is almost an implicit assumption that he and the Urban League are one.

In striking contrast, the sessions with James Farmer, Martin Luther King and Roy Wilkins reflect continuing tension among themselves and their constituencies, tensions of which they are very much aware. James Forman, on the other hand, comes across

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as reflecting with great fidelity the militance and impatience of SNCC. Warren is not very comfortable with Forman and SNCC, but he does try to appraise them fairly, concluding, perhaps with some condescension (of age, not of race) that Forman must be regarded as a "combat officer" in the war, and therefore his "absoluteness" can be excused.

Warren's final series of interviews is with selected young people in the movement. It is not clear if Warren intends this as some kind of juxtaposition of rank and file with leadership, or of fathers with sons, or if he intends to suggest that nobody "speaks" for the Negro, at least the young Negro. But regardless of commentary, the texts of some of these tapes are uncommonly eloquent.

Few in the movement, young or old, have been through as much as SNCC worker Stokeley Carmichael. He was born in Trinidad, reared partly in Harlem, partly in lower-middle-class East Bronx, the only Negro family among Italians, Jews and Irish. He had been involved with street gangs and narcotics; responded to the attractions of the middle-class intellectuals and radicals at Bronx High School of Science; and was graduated from Howard, majoring in philosophy. When he describes how he was lionized by white liberal friends, Carmichael at times sounds like a Negro Holden Caulfield.

But he is beyond Holden. In addition to sensing and describing the outside world with the same kind of youthful lucidity and anti-hypocrisy, Carmichael is also trying to change it. Here is his personal account of a lunch-counter sit-in:

> *I can go on freedom rides, with people around me, and I can say, "Oh, yes, nothing is going to happen to me, it will be the guy next to me." But when you get alone, and you're sitting on that stool by yourself, and somebody's behind you, and you hear the knife clicking, hot coffee being poured down your back, and you're alone, you really begin to feel, "Why am I here, when is it going to end?" But just before that first punch, just before you get hit, that little period there just before, when tensions are building and you can't control your stomach, and it's jumping, you start thinking over and over again, "You know, maybe this is the way it is, when you're really alone."*

There are other very sharp images, particularly the sessions with Bob Moses, Lolis Elie (CORE lawyer in New Orleans), Malcolm X and Judge Hastie. But the principal value of the book is that it is an authentic collection of primary material. Through the devices and format employed, Warren has in fact produced a representative anthology of the involved Negro leader talking about himself and his people.

Some errors were perhaps unavoidable. Norman Hill's resignation from CORE was not because he favored the 1964 election moratorium on demonstrations and "repudiated" Farmer in favor of the "responsible King-Wilkins-Young line"; it was for much more profound reasons of social and political orientation. Also, CORE is not the Committee but the *Congress* of Racial Equality. And the American Jewish Congress, notwithstanding its position on the Jewish community's outer perimeter of civil rights involvement, can hardly be called "ultra-liberal" because it filed an amicus brief in support of the NAACP. Moreover, one can understand Mr. Warren's geniality to a fellow Southerner, but if he were interested in thoughtful Jewish comment on Jewish-Negro relations North and South, he should not have confined himself to Harry Golden's cracker barrel.

There is also a surprising stodginess and lack of felicity where it would not be expected; moreover, Mr. Warren can't resist some occasional pompousness. In his preface he relates a conversation in which he was asked why he thought his interviewees would tell him the truth. He answered: "Even a lie is a kind of truth."

But these are small points. The book's outstanding virtue, for now and in future years, is that it has with eloquent fidelity recorded the Negro voice telling how it was in the revolutionary years 1964-65.

The Uneasy Silence

Paul Cowan

At the time, the 1964 Mississippi Summer Project seemed likely to provide the same kind of goad to the imagination of the present generation as the Spanish Civil War had to the generation of Hemingway and Malraux. It was an experience that provided all the materials for first-rate literature. A marvelous assortment of people—from Wall Street lawyers to Mississippi sharecroppers— shared unceasing dangers in a physically lovely setting: a state rich in a diversity of clashing traditions.

The people who had chosen to go South that summer were as literate and sensitive a group of Americans as one could hope to find. Most were college educated, and many had majored in the humanities. Their passion for human rights was primarily aesthetic: they were far more at home with words than with direct, brutalizing experience. It was the ideal setting for a novel of self-discovery, but no important long piece of fiction or short story has yet been published about the Mississippi summer.

There have been a handful of nonfiction books about the project. The collection of *Letters From Mississippi*, edited by Elizabeth Sutherland, splices together bits of the letters that a variety of volunteers sent home. As a montage, it has a powerful effect and it will probably provide important material to future historians interested in the mid-1960s. But it is an instant book—designed for quick propaganda. So is the large, thin paperback volume, *Mississippi Black Paper*, a collection of affidavits which describe some of the atrocities that are part of daily life in the Magnolia State. These books were produced to serve a practical purpose. They set out to make real to readers in the North the ugliness of segregation, and the bravery of the people who try to combat it, with the aim of raising money and attracting support. For that reason they do not unearth the conflicts within the movement, personal and political, that still trouble many of the people who worked in Mississippi. It is just these conflicts that would have to be explored in any piece of serious fiction.

The single, full-length book that has been written by a Northern volunteer, *Freedom Summer* by Sally Belfrage, though well written is also a piece of partisan journalism. Miss Belfrage had gone to Mississippi with the intention of writing a book, and for this purpose she was lucky to be stationed in Greenwood, one of the toughest and most important towns in the state. Its external features she describes very well—the life in the freedom house there, the few frustrating contacts with local white people and the many satisfying friendships with

Paul Cowan spent three months working in Maryland and Mississippi with the civil rights movement. He has published articles in The Village Voice, Dissent, Esquire, *the Chicago* Sun-Times, Current *and* Mosaic.

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local Negroes, the bizarre trips to the courthouse and the barbaric days in jail. She is able, moreover, to evoke the odd double vision that afflicts an outsider in Mississippi when ordinary suburban experiences like a drive in the country or a trip to the laundromat are transformed into a nightmarish skein of security precautions and constant danger. But the tensions she creates in the book are the most obvious ones, between the bad white Mississippians and the good civil rights workers. She does not probe very deeply beneath the surface of relationships inside the movement, where more complicated emotions lie.

For many of the people who went to Mississippi the most terrifying (and yet moving) days of the summer came during the orientation session at Oxford, Ohio, before they had actually gone South. The news that three civil rights workers had been missing for days from a jail in Neshoba County literally carried a direct threat of death to the several hundred students who would have to face the same species of sheriff and local redneck within a week. The best section of the *Letters From Mississippi* is devoted to this period, and so is a vivid chapter of Miss Belfrage's book.

Most of the writers allow the atmosphere of increasing terror to reveal itself through straight narrative description, without rhetorical flourishes. Their writing is focused—as it must be—on the words and the bearing of Bob Moses, the quiet, introverted Negro whose three lonely years in Mississippi had made possible the present migration of volunteers. Already his patience, thoroughness and bravery were legendary (I carried in my head all week a mental picture of Bob, dressed in blue overalls and a white T-shirt, speaking calmly and carefully of hell). As he tried to transform the raw fact of death into a set of concepts with which the volunteers could deal, his words unearthed for us layers of bravery and belief that we had never known we possessed.

His final speech to the volunteers is quoted at length by almost everyone who describes the occasion. Not only did it remind us of the reasons we had decided to go to Mississippi; it established a tone, a mood, which we hoped would guide us throughout the summer. He talked about how, when you spend all your time fighting evil, you become preoccupied with it and terribly weary. When your work causes other men to die you are forced to wonder about it. But in history, he said, no dominant group has ever been

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privileged (that was the word he used) to give up its position without demanding that the oppressed render sacrifices. There may be more people killed this summer, he said, but that won't in any way deter us from what we are trying to do. Negroes who have challenged authority in Mississippi have always been harassed or killed. And we are trying to change that, not succumb to it. We're going to do the job we have to do.

The day after Moses' speech the volunteers scattered to local projects throughout Mississippi. The work they began — registering voters, teaching freedom schools, organizing community centers—turned out to be slow, sometimes grubby, often boring. It rarely reflected the exhilaration one felt after hearing a talk like Bob's or joining hands and singing *We Shall Overcome*. There were incessant difficult little decisions to make which could not be resolved by good will or shimmering faith. Should a group of civil rights organizers call for a voting rights demonstration in a dangerous town, thereby risking wide-scale arrests which might endanger local people and jeopardize some of the less spectacular programs that were under way? If a Negro man and a white girl were attracted to each other, should they take the risk of being seen together in public? Such questions called into play deeply ingrained cultural and political attitudes of everyone involved in the project. Often they produced conflicts that could never again be ignored.

But they are not sufficiently explored in either Miss Belfrage's book or the *Letters*. In all the writing there seems an unwillingness to be entirely honest. There were lies told in Mississippi; ugly uses were made of political or cultural power; as many unpleasant relationships as happy ones developed within each project; some people with good ideas or sensitive plans were ignored because they were white, or newcomers; some others who did their jobs sloppily retained authority because they were black or because they had frequently been beaten. In the books such matters are rarely discussed. It is as if this movement is still too fragile, and too special, to bear the truth.

In Vicksburg where I worked we faced this same choice between expedience and truth. Our problem had to do with journalism and not with literature, but it does suggest some of the reasons why civil rights workers have chosen not to risk the sort of complex writing that their experience deserves.

Toward the end of the summer we had founded a newspaper, *The Vicksburg Citizens Appeal*, which we hoped would survive as the first publication in the state to retain a balance between civil rights news and news of the Negro community. To raise money, and to get free publicity, we decided to distribute the first edition of the paper at the Democratic convention in Atlantic City where the predominantly Negro Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party would be challenging the legality of the white Mississippi delegation.

Some of us had gone to the MFDP state convention in Jackson where the delegates to Atlantic City were chosen. We had assumed that each delegate would be chosen democratically, by nominations from the floor, speeches and open balloting. But quickly we learned that most of the slate had actually been drawn up in the days before the convention by MFDP and SNCC organizers who wanted to make sure that as few middle-class Negroes as possible would be selected. When one man got up to criticize the arrangement he was silenced by the kind of strong-arm parliamentary tactics that FDP organizers would call "immoral" when they didn't get what they wanted in Atlantic City.

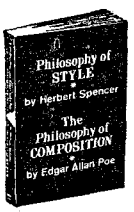
In Vicksburg we argued for days about whether we should print the truth in the *Citizens Appeal*. A good newspaper would. "But there couldn't have been any fighting at that first meeting, in front of the TV cameras and the national press," we were told by a SNCC worker we all admired. "Besides, the poor people have taken all the risks over the last few years. The professional class has always sold them out." That seemed to us nonsense. After all, we hadn't come to Mississippi in order to spread the kind of undemocratic techniques that we objected to when they were used by politicians back home. The misuse of power is always disguised by some sort of noble end. But if we printed the story, and it was read by the FDP's opponents in Atlantic City, the challenge might be a little less likely to succeed. Besides, we only possessed the information because we were civil rights workers—if we had been journalists no one would have confided in us. We wrote what amounted to a public relations man's description of the Jackson convention, and published it in the paper as news.

As it turned out the challenge failed. A controversy developed between moderates and radicals within the movement; and an atmosphere of name calling and organizational disruption that made constructive work inside Mississippi almost impossible.

Although neither side told the truth about the dispute, for months afterward everyone discussed it—the convention challenge and its ideological ramifications became equated with the summer project. Apart from the book of *Letters* and *Freedom Summer*, most of what was written about Mississippi—what passed for analysis or description—was in fact dull partisan polemic.

People who worked in Mississippi still seem to be maintaining the same kind of uneasy silence as we had enforced upon ourselves in Vicksburg. I know for myself that when I begin writing about the summer a vague, nagging commitment to the movement intervenes between myself and my material. For several months I shared dangers with people who continue to live in acute peril. Having retreated to the comforts of the North, what right have I to turn out a book which may, in part, seem to criticize them? This question becomes doubly painful when I realize that any ambiguous situation I choose to explore might provide the movement's enemies with additional weapons.

But a man cannot possibly produce a truthful account if he imagines a friend from the movement reading his



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manuscript over one shoulder, and Evans and Novak peering over the other. The best he can achieve is the kind of high-level partisan propaganda that *Letters From Mississippi* and *Freedom Summer* now represent. It would be a tragedy if an experience as rich and complex as the Mississippi Summer Project should yield no more than that.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

MEDIA-MIX

In line with its more businesslike approach in its new house on West 41st Street (see Howard Junker: "The Underground Renaissance," *The Nation*, December 27) the Film-Makers' Cinematheque has advanced from the one-night stand to a full-week's run, once a month, of a program thought suitable for the "larger, general" audience. "Expanded cinema," alternately known as "psychedelic theatre," is the organization's post-Warhol preoccupation and *Hubbub*, the first attraction selected for an extended run, is described as follows in the program notes:

> *A multi-channel media-mix of films, tape, oscilloscope, stroboscope, kinetic and live images. Effects, from one channel through a twelve-channel mix, is explored in six integrated movements, each hybridizing a set of media.*

All systems were go on the afternoon of the press screening. At stage left and right were two prismatic five-sided wheels that twinkled varicolored lights at the audience. At stage center a small screen which I took to be the oscilloscope registered in pulsating graph the volume, pitch and quality of the sound coming simultaneously or variously from several loud speakers. Neither of these devices interfered appreciably with the projected film material, and the latter was even humane in that when the sound passed the pain threshold, as it did frequently, watching the dancing lines seemed to give a measure of relief.

Also on the forestage sat or knelt a gentleman in kimono who, from time to time, rose and lighted a joss stick—at least I believe that's what he was doing with his Zippo, for I thought I smelled incense. In front of the oscilloscope was a small electric sign spelling NOW, or occasionally OW or NO. This is the enigmatic motto of USCO, the producing group.

The program opened with a vigorous, and I assume sardonic, rendering of *Land of Hope and Glory*, at the conclusion of which three large stylized Japanese chrysanthemums (a Zen reference?) faded from the screen and some exceedingly pale Pacific battle footage was run at exceedingly high speed.

Following this was a sequence which, media-mix or no, was another example of the underground cliché: rapid and fragmentary projection of advertisements, TV shots, people with their mouths open, rock'n'roll entertainers, large military equipment, street crowds, etc., all accompanied by a boiler-room sound track made up from bursts of music and snippets of speech. The "expansion" consists in projecting several of these scissor satires simultaneously.

A segment of the psychedelia that seemed to me to make a more severe point was subtitled "Highfreethrusafeway," wherein a film that tracked along highway-lane markings and caught road signs on the wing was overlaid with subliminal suggestions of human anatomy and accompanied by the sound of a woman's voice crying out in ejaculative monosyllables. It is true that Americans have some difficulty distinguishing between sex and tourism, and once you got the point of the sequence some meager fun was to be derived from the surprising number of road signs that took on double meanings.

Then came "Y"—the motorcycle interlude that is as obligatory in the underground cinema as was a gun duel in a Hoot Gibson Western. This one—note the title—was a split-screen arrangement whereby the same footage was projected in duplicate, one segment being a second or two behind the other. The camera was apparently held by someone riding postilion and the subject matter was 20 miles or so of road with occasional views of the back of the driver's helmet. The disconcerting effect of the visual displacement is amusing for a minute or two; after that, I doubt that the chase to nowhere would seem rewarding to anyone not enrolled in a cycle club. Also on view was a syncopated nature sequence that devolved into a kaleidoscope of spinning and otherwise gyrating lights, and further adventures with the flash-card, sound-stutter media-mix.

USCO, an anonymous group, collects this material from various contributors and assembles it at a church in Garnerville, N. Y., according to socio-philosophical guidelines supplied by the writings of the Canadian communications mystic, Marshall McLuhan. This all sounds very dedicated, but why is that chap squatting there in his kimono and gazing out at the audience? If he is supposed to be our guide through an LSD-type experience, he must be kidding. Why is the sound track turned up so high that content is lost in pain? How often are the new film makers going to discover that disconnected and fragmented speech, particularly from the mouths of teachers, politicians and preachers, automatically takes on satiric overtones? What artistic principle or entertainment novelty inheres in the quarter-second blink (burlesque discovered it thirty years ago)? How much longer must we pretend that collection equals comment?

The film *avant-garde* declares with a good deal of belligerence that it is using film as an art in itself (the technique is the content), and implies that if you don't get it you are somehow wanting and probably middle class. But its spokesmen are noticeably shy about defining their aims more specifically, and what one sees is spontaneous doodling and prankishness. I will readily admit that an enterprise like *Hubbub* supplies a kick at the sensory level: it dazzles and benumbs and hypnotizes; it hurts a little and it bores a lot—but that sounds to me more like the description of a habit than of an art.

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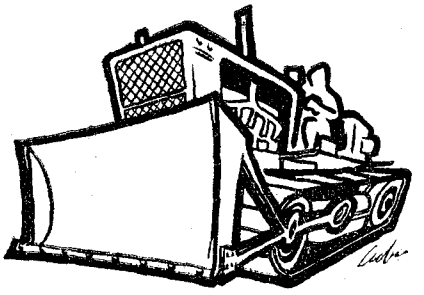
Ventura

(Continued from page 128)

were left). Their hopes, however, are now largely gone. Oil did not win a total victory, because oil was not found everywhere. But the last battle, the battle against "development," was a clean sweep, because human beings, thanks to the Barbarian and the bulldozer, can live anywhere!

The Barbarians who finally conquered Ventura County thrive upon numbers—of dollars and of people. They saw that masses of humanity were overrunning the neighboring San Fernando Valley. They saw land values soaring, and knew that people trying to escape from congestion and smog could be lured ever onward into new areas, which in turn could be made so congested and ugly as to produce a perpetual, hopeless search for a decent place to live. Now there would be no limits to the city, no limit to speculative opportunity. The city would leap forward in all directions, destroying as it went, but making money and more money for those who could ride the wave. Land speculators and fast-buck developers were not alone



in seeing the cash dividends of urban sprawl; a whole host of money-minded people moved in.

Now it has happened: the oaks are going, the orchards are going, the farms are going, the historical sites are going (and are unmarked); the hillsides are going, the beach front is going, privacy is going, beauty is going—and their flight can only be mourned. Once gone, they are gone forever!

And what has come in their place—creeping up on us gradually so that we did not notice at first? Cement and asphalt, glaring neons, treeless parking lots, ugly buildings, cheap, flimsy housing tracts with built-in slums, smog (oh yes, we have it now although the "boosters" must officially deny it until the last lot is sold) and, most important of all perhaps, corruption of values.

For the Barbarian Empire cripples all values. "Realism" and "practicality" (meaning the quickest way to get rich) become the basis for ethics. Try to preserve a historical landmark? You're getting in the way of "progress." Try to preserve an old place name? We can't be bothered with sentimentality. Try to preserve a rustic park? Asphalt's easier to maintain. Try to get a historical marker erected? Who cares about the past? (The only time the Barbarian is interested in history, or in beauty, is when he can charge admission to see it.)

The Barbarians have captured the city and county governments, and in the hallowed halls of the courthouse ring out the catchwords of their breed: We cannot interfere with a man's right to make money—even if it means a gravel pit as (someone else's) neighbor, even if it means placing houses in the path of an already adopted freeway route (what an idea: a builder can build 92 houses, sell them, then the freeway tears them out, and the builder can sell 92 more houses!), even if it means cracked-slab homes on shifting mucky soil, even if it means commercial developments in the midst of residences, even if it means tremendous future expense for the taxpayer.

Of course, there are a few contractors building good homes, a few developers planning decent commercial centers—but they are too few, and too late. The bad will drive out the good, the cheap will drive out the expensive, and the synthetic, mass-produced, hamburger-stand culture of the Barbarians will continue to triumph.

What else is there to believe? By the year 2000 (probably before) every inch of Ventura County (excepting only the National Forest if, indeed, it still exists by then) will be covered. What then? Even if one decided to take a bulldozer and push away all of the cement and asphalt, crummy houses and cheap stores, where would one push it? No, there is a better, a Barbarian solution. When all the beauty of Ventura County is gone, when all the easy profits have been made, when all the houses and stores are old, when the smog cuts off the sun, then, just as in Los Angeles, we can let the Negroes move in—and everyone else can move on to greener pastures. That is, if there are any pastures left.

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